

JULY 1937

PERMANENT FILE

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



The American
LEGION
PERMANENT FILE

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

fun?

SURE IT IS

—and mighty strenuous too!

"SPORT, even for the fun of it, can be tense and tiring," says Miss Gloria Wheeden, who shows her skill at aquaplaning above and at the left. "Like most of the folks who go in for water sports, I pride myself on my fine physical condition. Yes, I smoke. When I feel a bit let-down, I light up a Camel and get an invigorating 'lift' in energy."

Miss Wheeden's enjoyment of a lift from Camels is shared by famous champions in many sports, and by millions of other men and women in all walks of life. When an active day drains physical and nervous energy, Camels help you renew your flow of vim. And being mild, they never get on your nerves.

"MANY A TIME I've smoked a Camel to get a 'lift,'" says Harry Burmester, printer {left}. "With Camels handy, I feel I can take the tough spots right in stride. Camels never tire my taste or irritate my throat—even smoking as much as I do."

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS... Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand

1060 PARACHUTE JUMPS—no mishaps! Floyd Stimson {right} started smoking Camels 10 years ago—at the time he made his first parachute jump. "Camels are so mild, I take healthy nerves for granted," says Floyd. "I've found what I want in Camels—mildness and tastiness."



Get a Lift with a Camel!



Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

FRONT and CENTER

THOSE BADGES

To the Editor: May I suggest that you have one of your staff write an article titled "Legion Badges" or something similar. This is why:

At a meeting of a large post the other evening, when perhaps a thousand men were present, several hundred being in uniform, I noticed how many of them wore not only service bars, but convention badges, committee badges, and ribbons beyond count. Not only that, a bunch of them had poppies stuck in their lapels also.

I probably have a collection of convention badges larger than average, but I think there is a limit to wearing them on blue Legion uniforms. And now with the new three star cloth badge and all sorts of officers' accessories, it takes a broad chest and stout heart to face a crowd covered with such paraphernalia. It is far from military—and I don't mean Legionnaires are militarists or any of that hot air. They should look like military men, however.

So much for that. In the article, your writer should mention the correct way to wear the Legion cap. Sort of cocky like, and not jammed down with the ears sticking out, or on the back of the dome like a soda jerker. A little snap in the wearing of the cap will go a long way, but combine it with a badgeless uniform.

If uniformed members would follow the dictates of drum corps and bands, and confine their medals to strictly military decorations, unmarked with "Boston," "Chicago," "Delegate," "Alternate," it would help.—T. WALKER CLEELAND, Philadelphia, Pa.

LABOR AND CAPITAL

To the Editor: What is it all about, this constant furore of capital against labor and labor against capital? Why all the calling of names and 'isms? Is it not true that the laborer of today may be a capitalist of tomorrow, and that strange as it may seem, the capitalist of today may tomorrow be a laborer? Were it possible by a simple twist of the wrist to make all laborers in the United States of America capitalists, and thereby employers instead of employes, I ask you, the normal laborer with a sound mind in your head, able and willing to do your own thinking, what then would be your idea and policy? You must, if you are a normal human being, recognize the fact that even a dog will defend and try to keep possession of his bone that he has in some manner acquired by his own initiative, against the demands by either tooth, claw or artifice of any and all of the canine species.

Let us recognize first that no system of government devised by man has in the past, or ever will even approach perfection, so far as its administration is concerned. Let us also admit that civilization cannot exist without the constant infringement of individual rights and privileges by government, and that as civilization advances, as it always will, we must continue to give up more and more of our individual rights.

I firmly believe that the American thought is the best, and by that I mean the general thought of the citizens of the United States of America, and that we should not heed, either as employer or as employee, the doctrines of the Old World. Their theory cannot ever be ours, for theirs is based upon traditions and premises that are foreign to our thought.—JAMES G. MOTT, Worthington, Minn.

THE CHAPLAIN'S MESSAGE

To the Editor: I write to express my deep appreciation of the tribute entitled "Lest We Forget" by National Chaplain Bryan H. Keathley, appearing in the last issue of the Magazine. I am also taking this opportunity to inquire as to whether Dr. Keathley is of the Protestant or Catholic faith.—D. HAROLD HICKEY, Chaplain, Irving W. Adams Post, West Roxbury, Mass.

[Dr. Keathley, nominated by a Catholic priest at the Cleveland National Convention and elected by acclamation, is minister of the First Presbyterian Church of Mineral Wells, Texas—The Editor]

NEUTRAL?

To the Editor: Some time ago in an article in the Magazine by Wythe Williams entitled "When and Where" he said that probably President Roosevelt "will propose a definite understanding with Great Britain. It is his feeling that perhaps the most important step that may prevent another world war is the closest possible co-operation of the English-speaking nations. At the present time he contemplates, so I am given to understand, that the meeting designed to weld Anglo-Saxon unity shall take place in London rather than in Washington."

This country does not need to align itself with England or any other European country for military protection, and to do so would be a means of bringing us into European conflicts, when it would

be to our best interest to remain neutral. With her colonies returned, I believe Germany would remain at peace with the world, because the great German nation is capable of supporting more people on the same amount of territory than any other of the large and powerful nations, and have accomplished far more in the way of constructive enterprise. I don't believe we have to sell ourselves to either England or Germany for self protection. It is better for this country to remain really neutral.—BARNEY J. PRIGGE, Ada, Minnesota.

HELPING ONE ANOTHER

To the Editor: I note in *Front and Center* discussion of veterans and jobs. Who is going to look out for the veterans if they won't help one another? I undertook a small store, from which I expected to earn my living. I could have done so with a little help from the veterans, but not one of them would patronize me, although they would greet me and ask how business was. For the benefit of the Legionnaires let me state that sympathy or a howdy don't pay a man's expenses and if you see a veteran trying to help himself by selling an article that you use daily at a standard price you can patronize him at least occasionally when you happen by his place.

I met up with a veteran in a neighboring town who told me his story, and find that the condition is the same as in my case, which convinced me that my personality was not at fault for the failure. Thanks to my health I can still labor for my living, but my acquaintance told me he was disabled and his compensation taken away. What, may I ask, is going to become of men like him?—LOUIS E. AUSTIN, Concord, New Hampshire.

ON BEING AN AMERICAN

To the Editor: Our National Commander hit the key note to our objective when he said "Let's be American."

The boys who suffered and died in our wars did not fight for any special part of our country nor any select class of its people. They fought for all our land and the whole people of our country. To maintain freedom, liberty and democracy for all.

There is no church, no organization be it social, fraternal, or otherwise above our Constitution.

I repeat the words of our Commander and say not only to the Legion but all other organizations throughout the country, "Let's be American."—J. B. WARE, Laytonville, Calif.

Because of space demands, letters quoted in this department (responsibility for statements in which is vested in the writers and not in this magazine) are subject to abridgement.

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

JULY, 1937

The American LEGION MAGAZINE

VOL. 23, No. 1

Published Monthly by The American Legion, 455 West 22d Street, Chicago, Illinois

EXECUTIVE AND ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES

Indianapolis, Indiana



EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES

15 West 48th St., New York City

REGULAR conventioners who have been following the announcements of the 1937 Convention Corporation of New York City are getting something of an anticipatory thrill. They know what convention corporations have done in the past, and what events have been provided for the entertainment of visitors at the convention city. And they know, too, that their New York hosts will provide the best that can be had. So, all the old-timers and thousands who have never attended one of the National Conventions are laying aside the shekels and making plans to be on hand when the gavel falls to mark the opening of the Nineteenth Annual Convention in New York City on September 20th.

JUST here, before it passes from mind, let's say something about the parade. Inquiries have been received, many of them, asking for the schedule. Plans have been made to have the Big Parade form in the streets along in the middle 30's and feed into Fifth Avenue in successive waves—the Big Parade to pass up Fifth Avenue to 72d Street, where it will disband. The head of the parade will step off promptly at 9 o'clock, Tuesday, September 21, 1937, and will continue for a full twenty-four hours—the only difficulty now seems to be to hold it to one full day. That will be an event unprecedented in New York history, and the biggest city in the western world is somewhat used to big parades and demonstrations. It will be the Legion on parade, with posts from Greece to China and all the country in between represented.

TEN years from now the veterans of the Third A. E. F. will be

CONTENTS

OFF BRENTON'S COVE	Cover
By HERBERT MORTON STOOPS	
FRONT AND CENTER	1
EDITORIAL: THE LEGION AND THE STATE OF THE NATION	5
TEENERS	7
By EUGENE F. McDONALD, JR.	
PARLEY VOO	8
By LEONARD H. NASON	
Illustrations by H. M. Stoops	
PICKING UP TROUBLE	12
By HERBERT F. GOODRICH	
Illustrations by Will Graven	
HEALTH—IN A BIG WAY	14
By JOHN BLACK	
MY BIG THRILL OF THE 2d A. E. F.: RESULTS OF THE CONTEST	16
Illustrations by Lee Gustavson	
WHEELHORSES	18
By HUGH O. HANNA	
Illustration by J. W. Schlaikjer	
ARRIVEDERCI IN ITALIA	20
By CAPTAIN VINCENT R. VEDONI	
THE KIDS ROLL THEIR OWN	22
By EDDIE RICKENBACKER	
TO UTAH BY HAND: THE DIARY OF TWISS BIRMINGHAM	24
Edited by Samuel Taylor Moore	
Illustrations by Lowell L. Balcom	
COLOR GUARDS, FRONT!	28
By BOYD B. STUTLER	
THEIRS TO REASON WHY	32
By JOHN J. NOLL	
VICTORY WAY	34
By THE COMPANY CLERK	
STRUTTING THEIR STUFF	38
By WALLGREN	
BURSTS AND DUDS	40
Conducted by Dan Sowers	

PLEASE REPORT CHANGE OF ADDRESS

(See form on page 60)

to Indianapolis office, including old and new addresses. Allow five weeks for change to become operative. An issue already mailed to old address will not be forwarded by post office unless subscriber sends extra postage to post office. Notifying this magazine well in advance of impending address change will obviate this expense.

reminiscing just as those who made the pilgrimage in 1927 are doing now. Ten years ago there were thrills of varied and assorted kinds, but it took a prize contest by The American Legion Magazine to bring out the best. The general reader who passes over the prize winning stories, "My Big Thrill of the 2d A. E. F.," published in this number, will be missing a bet. Incidents and emotions are told that could well be a part of the personal experience of every Second A. E. F. pilgrim. Of course, not every member of the party could take the girl of his choice to an old billet and point to a name carved on a beam as proof of early and continued devotion, but in many of the twenty thrill stories published there will be several that will ring as though taken as a page from your own memory book.

THE cover picture this month, "Off Brenton's Cove," is very timely because it is presented at a time when those interested in yachting and yacht racing are looking forward to the America's Cup races beginning on July 31st. The picture brings a tang of the salt, salt sea breeze and awakens a desire to go sailing out across the Sound. The artist, who very modestly describes himself as a sage-brush sailor, is Legionnaire Herbert M. Stoops, a yachtsman of parts and a man who knows his ropes on a sailing vessel or on the back of a cow-pony. Born in Montana, the son of a cattleman, Mr. Stoops has lived for several years along the coast where the races are held, and he has watched them with something more than ordinary interest. Himself the owner of a sailboat, he has sailed in the Mason's Island craft races in Fisher's Island Sound.

The AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE is the official publication of The American Legion, and is owned exclusively by The American Legion. Copyright 1937 by The American Legion. Entered as second class matter Sept. 26, 1931, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879. Harry W. Colmery, Indianapolis, Ind., National Commander, Chairman of the Legion Publishing and Publicity Commission; Members of Commission: John D. Ewing, Shreveport, La.; Philip L. Sullivan, Chicago, Ill.; William H. Doyle, Malden, Mass.; Jean R. Kinder, Lincoln, Neb.; Phil Conley, Charleston, W. Va.; Frank N. Belgrano, Jr., San Francisco, Cal.; Raymond Fields, Guthrie, Okla.; Frank L. Pinola, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; Jerry Owen, Portland, Ore.; Ben S. Fisher, Washington, D. C.; Lynn Stambaugh, Fargo, N. D.; Van W. Stewart, Perryton, Tex.; Harry C. Jackson, New Britain, Conn.; Tom McCaw, Dennison, Ohio; Carter D. Stamper, Beattyville, Ky. General Manager, James F. Barton, Indianapolis, Ind.; Business Manager, Richard E. Brann; Director of Advertising, Herbert R. Schaeffer; Editor, John T. Winterich; Managing Editor, Boyd B. Stutler; Art Editor, William MacLean; Associate Editors, Alexander Gardiner and John J. Noll.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 5, 1925. Price, single copy 25 Cents, yearly subscription, \$1.30.



“A man learns a lot, building 25 million cars!”

“Seems to me, nothing ever takes the place of experience. You learn to do a good job by doing it. The more you do it, the more you learn about it.

“Take cars, for instance. They tell me Henry Ford has built more than 25 million. Nobody else ever had near that

much experience. So, the way I figure, Henry Ford’s the man I want to build my car.

“Besides, all those cars weren’t sold—most were bought. Bought because folks got more for their money—because Henry Ford did a better job every year.

“This year’s Ford is the best yet. Handles easy, rides easy, runs smooth and sweet. I know. One day after I’d been sitting here watching the Fords go by, I says to myself, ‘Jud, you go buy one.’ And I did!”

FORD  **V-8**

★ ★ ★ SHIRTS AND TIES ★ ★ ★

for
Your State
Convention



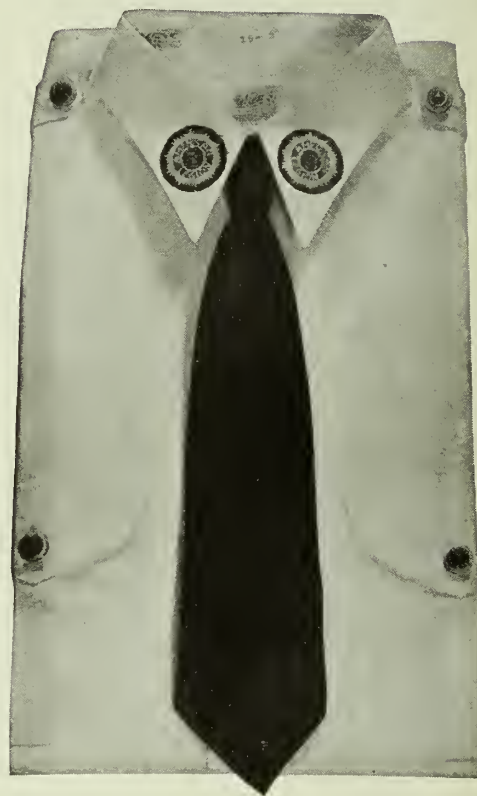
STYLE 2-B — BLUE SHIRT

Two-ply Legion blue broadcloth shirt, color guaranteed fast to washing, sun and perspiration. Shirt complete with accessories and collar devices, but less tie, **\$2.95** each.



TIES

Style A—plain, without emblem, blue, black or gold—**50¢** each.
Style B—with 1¼" silk embroidered emblem, blue, black or gold, **60¢** each.



STYLE 1-W — WHITE SHIRT

Two-ply Legion white broadcloth shirt, complete with finest quality accessories and silk embroidered collar emblems. Shirt complete, less tie, **\$2.75** each.

There will be a grand turn-out at your State Convention this year and you will have the time of your life—don't miss it. Enjoy yourself to the limit, and for the utmost in personal appearance and maximum hot weather comfort, get one of these dressy Legion shirts with tie to match.

We particularly recommend the white shirt for comfort and appearance—take your choice, however, for either is a remarkable value. For your convenience in ordering, use the handy coupon below.

★ *Your copy of the 1937 Emblem Catalog is Ready to Mail—Write for it Today!*

Mail Now

Emblem Division, National Headquarters, 777 North Meridian St., Indianapolis, Indiana.

Please send me the following at once:

.....2-B blue shirts, Neck size.....	sleeve length.....	Name
.....1-W white shirts, Neck size.....	sleeve length.....	Street
.....Style A Plain ties, Black.....	Blue.....Gold.....	City
.....Style B ties, with emblem, Black.....	Blue.....Gold.....	State

☐ Here is my check for \$..... ☐ Ship C.O.D. The serial No. of my 1937 membership card is.....

☐ CHECK HERE IF YOU WISH YOUR FREE COPY OF THE 1937 LEGION CATALOG

★ EDITORIAL ★

THE LEGION

and the STATE of the NATION

HE IS an American who, leaving behind him all his ancient prejudices and manners, receives new ones from the new mode of life he has embraced, the new government he obeys, and the new rank he holds. . . . Here individuals of all nations are melted in a new race of men, whose labors and posterity will one day cause great changes in the world. . . . The American is a new man who acts upon new principles; he must therefore entertain new ideas and form new opinions.

THIS was written, while our Revolutionary War was still in progress, by Michel-Guillaume Jean de Crèvecoeur, native of France, in his *Letters from an American Farmer*, published in London in 1782. Crèvecoeur lived to see a few of the "great changes in the world" which he thus heralded, not the least important those which another revolution brought about in his native land. His *Letters* were responsible for much of the emigration from Europe in the years following the surrender of Cornwallis, and his conception of America as a melting-pot of the nations to bring forth "a new race of men" has been amply vindicated. The Constitution of the United States of America is one hundred and fifty years old this year. It stands, a bulwark against autocracy of either group or individual, still "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man," as Gladstone described it two generations ago.

It is with this background of 150 years of growth and change that we look out over the nation today as we prepare to celebrate our greatest holiday, Independence Day. The American Legion, brought into being by the greatest war in the nation's history, proclaimed with its first breath its unyielding determination "to uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America." They were not empty words in 1919 when the Legion was born. And they are not empty words today.

THE National Executive Committee of The American Legion, at its meeting in Indianapolis in May, backed National Commander Colmery's statement with respect to the United States Supreme Court issue, an issue brought to the fore by President Roosevelt's message of last February seeking authorization by Congress for an increase in the number of justices of the highest court in the land.

At the time, basing his statement upon actions of the National Conventions of 1922 and 1927, the National Commander said:

"The American Legion, therefore, is opposed to any

attempt to grant to Congress any judicial powers and authority now vested in the Supreme Court of the United States; to interfere with its independence; and any attempt, direct or indirect, which seeks to weaken, change or subvert the Constitution of the United States or any part thereof by other than Constitutional means.

"I am confident that in our membership there are sincere Legionnaires who both oppose and support the recommendations which have been made to Congress with reference to the Supreme Court and the Federal Judiciary. There is suggestion made that it involves a partisan political question, and therefore the Legion must remain silent. Neither govern me in determining a course of action. Both are subordinate in the major question, that is, whether the proposal is contrary to Legion policy. And I would not hesitate, and it would be my duty, to condemn any course of action proposed by a political party or its spokesman which infringed the preamble to the Constitution of the American Legion and any convention policy formulated pursuant thereto.

"In this instance the general policy of the Legion as above stated covers the subject matter of the controversy. Whether the specific proposal to increase the number of the Court and infuse 'new blood' into it, is contrary to Legion policy, is the question. If it is, it is my duty to condemn. If not, to say so. Congress has the power to determine the number which shall constitute the Court. The answer depends on the motive of the President in making the proposal. I do not have the authority, nor would I be exercising sound judgment, did I attempt to declare for a million men a policy, the determination of which depends on my personal appraisal of the motive of one man who recommends a reorganization of the Judiciary. Did I do so I would be usurping the function and power of the men of the Legion acting through their National Convention and National Executive Committee."

THE National Executive Committee has now spoken with reference to the situation which has arisen concerning the present Supreme Court proposal. It has reaffirmed the Legion policy and has condemned "any movement that has for its object an attack upon the one Supreme Court of our country or any interference with its independence, and we denounce and condemn any effort, direct or indirect, which seeks by other than Constitutional means to weaken, change or subvert the Constitution of the United States or any part thereof."

The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous



The Refreshing Part of Every Party

GLORIOUS company for any occasion... delicious refreshment for any day or evening... Schlitz is a beverage you can be proud to serve and happy to drink yourself.

It brings you matchless flavor and bouquet... the rich goodness of mellow malt, the piquant tang of the world's finest hops, brewed and aged to the delicate peak of perfection, winter and summer, under Precise Enzyme Control.

Stock your refrigerator with Schlitz for royal hospitality, good cheer and delicious refreshment.

Order it today in the new, handy-to-store Schlitz "Steinie" Brown Bottles... in familiar, tall Brown Bottles... or in Cap-Sealed Cans. Each brings you Schlitz... with added health benefits of Sunshine Vitamin D... filled and sealed to retain the full brewery flavor and goodness for your health and enjoyment.

*[You don't have to cultivate a taste for Schlitz —
you like it on first acquaintance and ever after.]*

In the refrigerators of homes, big and small, you'll find Schlitz Beer—ready and waiting to bring gracious hospitality, good cheer and royal refreshment to any hour or occasion.



Copyright 1937, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co.

JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING CO. Milwaukee, Wis.

TEENERS

By EUGENE F. McDONALD, JR.

President, Zenith Radio Corporation

THE MacMillan expedition of 1925 was at Disko Island on the Greenland coast, and our ships needed coal. We had arranged in advance for it with the Danish government, through their ambassador at Washington. Unfortunately, when we arrived the governor had not received word from Copenhagen, and could not sell coal without permission.

A large long-wave radio transmitting station for the use of the government had just been completed at Disko Island, but it could reach Denmark only after dark. Since it does not ever get dark up there until September, we got the governor aboard the *Peary* and let him use our short-wave transmitter. Communications were promptly established with the Danish Ambassador in Washington, with the Danish government at Copenhagen. In a few minutes he told us we could have the coal.

Thereupon a captain of the Danish navy asked me, "Why are you Americans so far ahead of Europe with the radio? This station here cost a fortune, that little box of yours must be very cheap. It does the work and ours doesn't. Why?"

"That is easy to answer," I assured him. "In Europe all the governments say, 'The radio is for us only. Everybody else leave it alone.' In the United States we encourage amateurs, and have hundreds of thousands of boys experimenting all the time."

"Boys?" he repeated, puzzled. "What do boys have to do with your very efficient American radio?"

"They invent all the improvements," I answered. "As far as I can remember, every major discovery in radio has been made by a boy under 21. Most of them are about 18 when they discover some epoch-making principle. I don't believe that Marconi, over in Europe, was more than 18 when he really worked out the basis for wireless, was he?"

The amateurs, the hams, provide the scientific basis for radio progress. All of the enormous laboratories of all the radio companies in the United States have done little more than refine and develop the discoveries of the youngsters. The extensive engineering department of the company I head contains only two men over 40 years of age. Our chief engineer is 32, and came with us when he was 19 as an amateur with ideas.

The radio operators on the *Peary* up there off Greenland were both very young. At the same time the U. S. S. *Seattle* carried an amateur operator for short-wave experimentation. When we were 11 degrees from the North Pole and the *Seattle* was off Tasmania, the *Peary* talked with the *Seattle* and let her operator listen to Eskimos singing—thus establishing the first short-wave voice communication nearly halfway around the world.

I get pretty impatient with people who talk about the teen-age youngsters of today as poor caliber. We were not so much ourselves. Next time a group of high-school or college boys impress you with their general califishness, go home and dig up that picture of the high school class of 1911 or your college fraternity group in 1913. Look at yourself and your fellows unemotionally. The kids today may not be anything remarkable but neither were their fathers and uncles.

The world is not coming to an end because our generation will lose its grip twenty or thirty years from now. On the contrary, we need to watch our step or we may be pushed out before our time because some young fellows who are today riding velocipedes or operating ham stations may develop into better men than we are.

EVERY generation has men who will succeed beyond most. It has a large bulk of men who will get along only reasonably well. It contains a few who are bad specimens, just as in our youth there were a few bad apples in every barrel in the cellar. The oncoming generation of teen-age boys contains all of these types. So, in my opinion, will the corresponding group a thousand years from now. The adults of today have, as parents, the problem of helping their boys develop the characteristics which will put them in the groups which achieve successful lives. As employers, they have the problem of selecting for material to aid them—and eventually to succeed them—boys who will make the type of men that every business is searching for.

About six years ago we took a load of teen-age Scouts aboard our boat at Chicago and started for a camp in Canada. For the first few hours they were fine. Then they began getting in everybody's

hair, as boys will when they run out of resources. Finally I mustered them all on the quarterdeck and demanded, "Any Eagle Scouts among you?"

Three fine-looking fellows stepped forward. "All right, you three are in charge," I directed. "Divide up into three groups, one under each of you. I'll hold you commanders responsible. Dismissed."

Our troubles were over. The boys had a better time because they were no longer getting into mischief. Those Eagle Scouts had them eating in relays, sleeping in shifts, washing up by platoons—and liking it.

Since that day we have hired just about every Eagle Scout we could get. In five years, several have made substantial progress in our office and factory. We are simply taking advantage of the Scout tests. The alertness, initiative, qualities of leadership which permitted the boy to excel in scouting make him excel in our employ. Few of them who come to us have college or technical educations, but their other qualifications make up for this lack.

Every summer I take a few Boy Scouts and Sea Scouts out on the boat for a full day cruise. On these trips I get an insight into these boys beyond what is generally vouchsafed their parents, for a boy's guard is up when he is under the eyes of his folks. At the camp up in Canada I have got really acquainted with scores more. Activity in half a dozen other enterprises brings close contact with boys. So I have some basis for forming my conclusions.

THE boys in high-school and college and at that general age-range in the offices and factories and filling stations and stores are not a run-down race of creatures. Every once in a while I make a definite effort to look at them impersonally. On such occasions I manage to brush aside those unimportant but prominent and annoying mannerisms which bothered our grandfathers and fathers in the same way that they bother our unpliant middle-aged nerves. I even make myself recall how many times my father asked me for heaven's sake to stop whistling while he read.

When I contrive to attain this perspective, I positively know that today's boys at least measure up to the best that our generation had to offer.

PARLEY



ONCE upon a time I was at a party where the guy had just married off his daughter, and everyone was standing around admiring the presents. I had a pain in the neck, because I got two daughters of my own, and it only seems yesterday I got through paying the doctor in instalments for giving them to me. They aren't much younger than this guy's daughter, and here I am all open to some more instalments to pay a minister and a caterer and a dressmaker for taking them away from me.

A lady came sweeping up to me, and says she, "Why do you look so sad, Mister Nason? Isn't this a joyful occasion?"

"I'm thinking of the expense," says I.

"Ah, but look at the beautiful presents here! Just see the engraving on that silver platter."

"I seen better engraving than that, lady. I knew a guy in the Army could do better than that with a messkit knife."

"Really?" She sits down. "I've heard, Mister Nason, that you had the most incredible experiences in the Army, and I'd like to hear one. Tell me about the man who engraved with a messkit knife."

"Not on watery punch, lady. If I tell about my military past, I've got to have

a stronger incentive than that bowlful of colored ice water. They have to keep it weak, I know, so that some of the guests won't bite the bride's ear off, but that doesn't inspire me to reminisce, not by a jugful."

"I know the house!" smiled the lady. So then she brought me a drink about the size of a water bucket.

"Gee!" I coughed.

"That hit me like the recoil of a soixante quinze."

"Oh, do you speak French?" she coos.

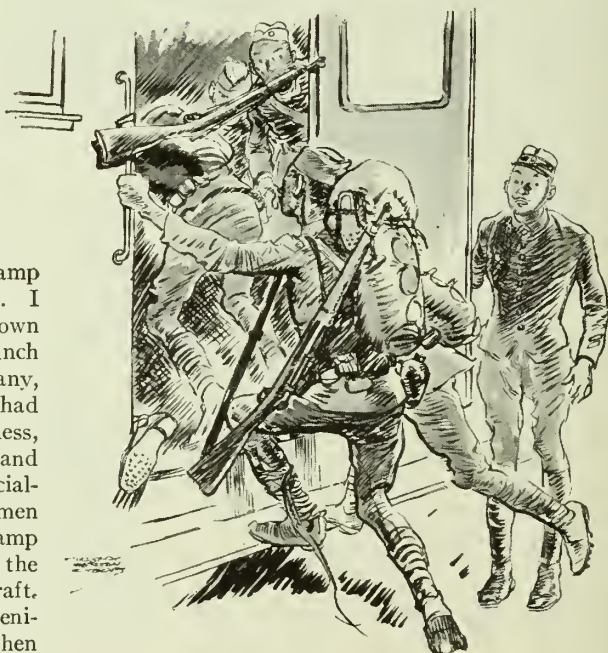
"Listen, lady, and you'll hear how well!"

I LANDED in France during the war at a place called Camp Genicart, near Bordeaux. I didn't come with my own outfit, but with a bunch called a casual company, made up of guys that had been left behind for sickness, or one reason or another, and odd lads going over as specialists, and about a hundred men from some mid-west camp that called themselves the March Replacement Draft. We hung around Camp Genicart about a week, and then the camp authorities took all the infantrymen out of our company and filled it up with a lot of strange artillery replacements, and started it for some place called La Courtine.

I was a Regular Army sergeant, so they made me first sergeant and everything else of this company. We had two officers, a little fat one with glasses, and a long, tall one, an older man, that said nothing, only looked down his nose. They were two civilians that had been commissioned because they were some kind of mechanical experts, and neither

one of them knew as much about the Army as I do about life on the moon. The men were calling them the Owl and the Pussy-cat before we left Genicart.

So upon a day we turned out, full pack, and marched down the road about a mile or so to the railroad. It was in a little town called Carbon Blanc, which is a queer enough name, at that. It was



All as confused as a ton of spaghetti

about the middle of May, and hot. When the outfit got to the station, we could see three third-class cars across the track, with a little old-fashioned first-class buggy that looked like an old stage coach on the end. There was a guide had gone down from camp with us, and he directed the little fat looey to put the men in the third-class car and himself and the Owl in the first-class buggy, and that the railroad authorities would deliver us all safely to La Courtine. Then the



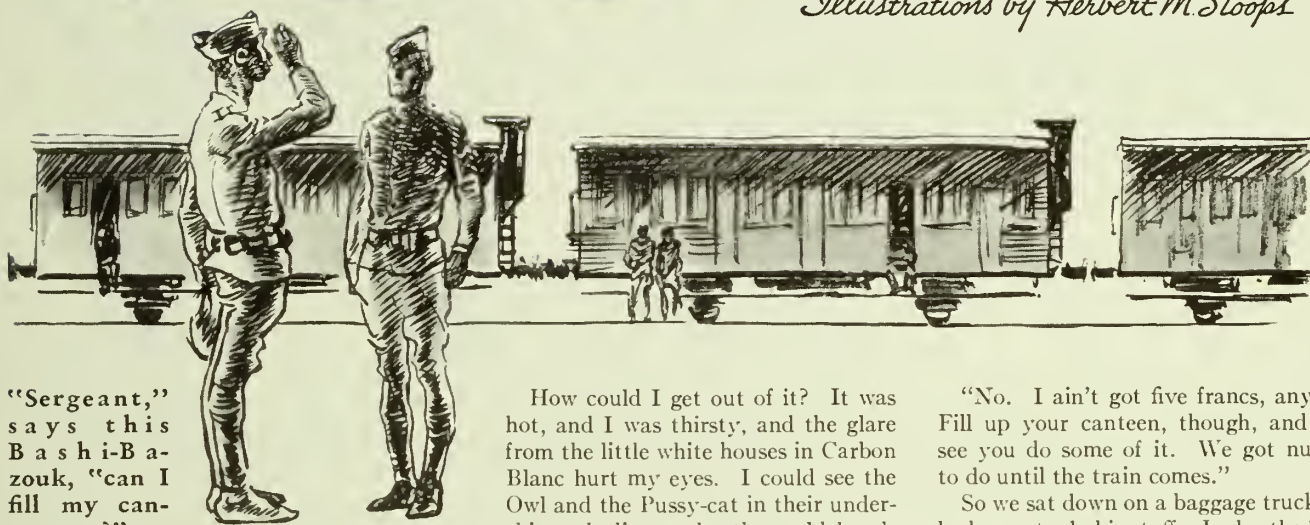
... having a soothing cup and a stogie

V O O

By

LEONARD H. NASON

Illustrations by Herbert M. Stoops



"Sergeant," says this Bashi-Bazouk, "can I fill my canteen?"

guide hustles back to camp, where they had some beer on ice.

"What do I do now, sergeant?" asks the little fat one, the one they called Pussy-cat.

"Tell 'em to get in the cars!" said the Owl, down his long nose. "They'll straighten things out among themselves."

They all got on, and the overcrowding was relieved a little bit by some of the boys getting in those towers on the ends of the cars where the brakemen ride, and by some more sitting on the steps that led up to said towers. As for me, I had all along figured I was going to ride in the buggy with the officers. There were three compartments in it, one for each of us—what could be sweeter? So when they started across the track to the car, I followed them.

"Where are you going?" barks the Pussy-cat, swinging around.

"Why, I thought maybe I'd ride in the same car with the lieutenants," said I, "so I'd be handy if they had any orders."

"I don't think it can be done, sergeant," says the Pussy-cat. He consults his transportation order. "It says here, 'Two first-class tickets.' All the rest are third class. You'll have to ride third class with the men."

Wouldn't that be nice? I went back to the platform and sat myself down to think this over. We had three days' rations issued us, canned willie, canned tomatoes, canned hash, hard tack, and a loaf of white, American-baked bread per man. Now that meant we were going to spend a night on the train, maybe two. Two nights in one of those compartments wasn't going to be any fun, now, with ten men in each, complete with full pack, rifle, and bayonet.

How could I get out of it? It was hot, and I was thirsty, and the glare from the little white houses in Carbon Blanc hurt my eyes. I could see the Owl and the Pussy-cat in their undershirts, dealing each other cold hands for ten francs a draw, and the soldiers in the cars putting their packs away, and leaning out the doors and sitting on the running board.

Then up comes to me a big, curly-headed soldier that looked like a Bashi-Bazouk, one of those wild Turks, you know. He saluted.

"Sergeant," says he, "can I fill my canteen?"

"Don't salute a sergeant," says I, military as heck. "No, you can't, because this water ain't drinkable."

"I don't want it to drink," he says, "I'm engravin'. I have to have a little water to wet the tools in."

"What d'yuh mean, engravin'?"

Well, lady, this Turk had a fistful of things looked like needles, and a block of wood, and he was drawing a picture on the back of a messkit, then he was going to cut the picture out, and write the owner's name on it, and make a thing of beauty out of an aluminum can.

"Say, that's swell!" said I. "Where'd you learn this?"

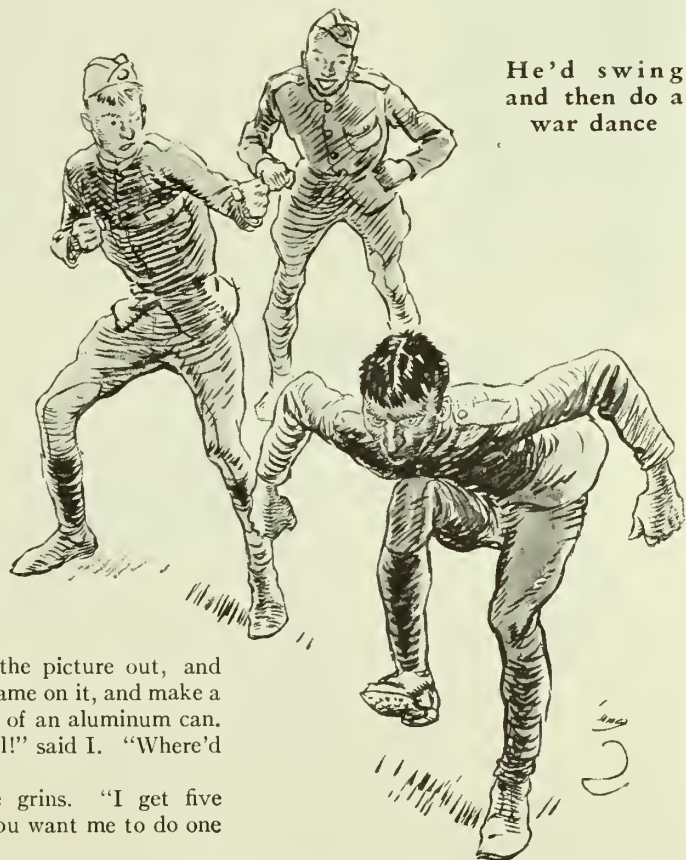
"My trade," he grins. "I get five francs for that. You want me to do one for you?"

"No. I ain't got five francs, anyway. Fill up your canteen, though, and let's see you do some of it. We got nuthin' to do until the train comes."

So we sat down on a baggage truck and he began to do his stuff. Lady, the Turk was a genius. He could make flowering roses, and trailing vines, and a bird singing, and in the middle a beautiful flowing scroll with this guy's name that owned the messkit in the middle. It was Thomas McGubbin, I remember well.

"Sergeant," said the Turk, after a while, "looka this."

He displayed his identification disk, what we called our dog tags. Each sol-



dier had two of 'em, so if he got croaked they'd know who he was. The Turk had left the front, where the owner's name and serial number were, bare, but on the backs he'd carved the arms of France on one and the arms of the United States on the other. And done a swell job, too.

"You want me to do that for you?" he asks, with a broad grin.

"I said I didn't have any jack. I haven't been paid since November!"

"Naw, naw, I do it for nuthin'. Because you're a sergeant."

That being the first time that anyone had showed any gratitude for the fact that I was a sergeant, I took off my dog tags at once and handed them over to him. He stuck them carefully on his block of wood, and began to make a lot of swirls.

So I asked the Turk what his name was. He said it was Nick Hamid, and that he came from Des Moines.

Then, by golly, a fight started. An army fight is a lot of fun, lady. A gang of soldiers will just burst out of somewhere, boiling like hornets, with two guys in the middle tearing each other's shirts and making hay-maker swings. Everyone goes on the gallop to cheer.

I went down to this one to watch a while and then to stop it. Well, it was funny as a crutch. One of the fighters was an Indian about forty years old. He was fighting a kid of eighteen or so, who was just defending himself, not making any real pokes at old Chief Smoke-in-the-Eye. The chief would

make a swing at the kid, and the kid would duck, and then rap the chief on the nose, and then the chief would drop back and make fight medicine. Golly, he'd jump up and down, and holler to himself and beat his chest, and shadow-box a minute or so, then he'd rush at the kid and get another poke in the nose. Then back to his war dance and his medicine talk.

I inquired of the spectators who he was, and if he was really an Indian.

"Sure, he's an Indian. We seen him around Genicart. Name's Steve Potato. He says he's outta the 26th. Been up on the front all winter."

"He corned?" I asked.

"Always!" said a half a dozen—and laughed.

"Here, here," says I, pushing my way to the front, "what's goin' on here? What's the trouble here?"

"He tried to put me out of the compartment!" says the kid.

"What for?"

"He claims there's too many guys in it!"

"Well, get back in. It can't be helped. You, too, chief. Get back in. I'll do the kickin' out of these compartments, savvy?"

I would have said more, or maybe the chief would have, only the looey began to holler from his car. I went down, thinking he would want to know about the disturbance, but he only wanted to know when we would pull out. I asked the station master, who said in five minutes. Lady, I was surprised how easy I understood him. He held up five fingers, I will say, which was a great assistance.

It suddenly dawned on me that I could speak French. While I'd been at Genicart, I'd been talking through the wire fence with the French people. I'd read out of a book I got in a Red Cross gift



He held up five fingers, and it dawned on me I understood French

bag, and the French would answer back. It was something to do anyway. I couldn't understand what they said, but apparently they understood me, and everybody laughed, and a good time was had by all. So that gave me an idea. I went over to the cars, and announced to the soldiers that we were going out of there in a minute or two, and they'd better get inside the cars. Then I went over and told the two looeys the same thing.

"I have it from the station master," says I.

The little fat looey looks at me with awe.

"Do you speak French?" he asks.

"Oh, sure, lieutenant."

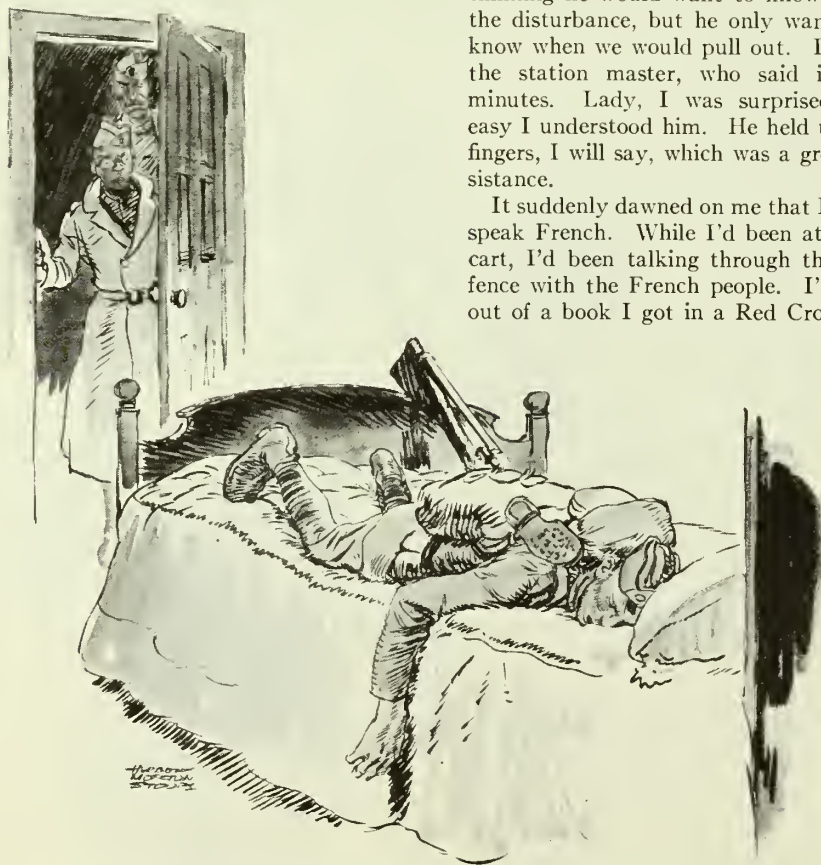
"Well, I think after all you'd better ride with us and be our interpreter."

"Yes, sir. But just now I've got a man engraving my dog tags. I wonder if he could ride with us a little while, too? He's an artist. Maybe he could do some work for the lieutenants."

Maybe he could. Sure. And if anyone asked how four people were riding first class on only two tickets, why I, as interpreter, would just explain it.

When the old tea kettle of an engine that was to take us away clanked into the station, I thought everyone in the detachment would die laughing. It didn't have any cab, and the steam dome was brass, and the engineer and fireman looked like a couple of birds from a labor battalion, they were so black with coal dust. They blew the squeaky whistle, and spun wheels, and the station master blew on a cow horn and waved a red flag. The company gave them advice and hearty cheers. Finally the little kettle coupled on to the train, and away we shuddered, at about four miles an hour.

The first hour passed, and we were still grinding along, stopping on sidings



... stretched out full pack, hobnails and all, in the bridal suite

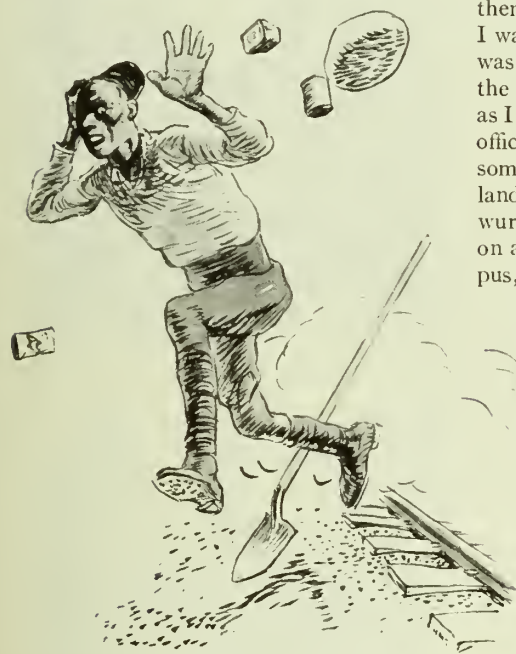
every now and then to let another train go by, and once we stopped at a town so the engineer and fireman could go get a drink. The fat looey asked me to inquire of the engineer where we were going. I went up, and at the next stop addressed him, but I didn't get much information out of his reply. He sifted a lot of words through his moustache and waved his hand, and blew the little whistle, so I let it go at that. It wasn't important, because we were only going to Bordeaux. We got there at four in the afternoon, and if we'd marched from Camp Genicart by road, we'd have been there two hours earlier. Everybody began to get mad. This first trip of ours in France by rail was beginning to look like much ado about nothing. Just as we pulled in, up comes rushing some French officer and begins to go blow-blow at the fat looey.

"What does he say, sergeant?"

Well, how did I know what he said? But I wasn't going to be eased out of my soft compartment for any ignorance of the French language. Huh! Not I.

"Parfaitement!" says I, having seen it in my book. Gee, it worked like a charm, and the French officer goes away.

Well, we waited and waited, and some French railroad employees gathered to



They were too much for the Algerian section hands

look at us solemnly, and one or two made motions.

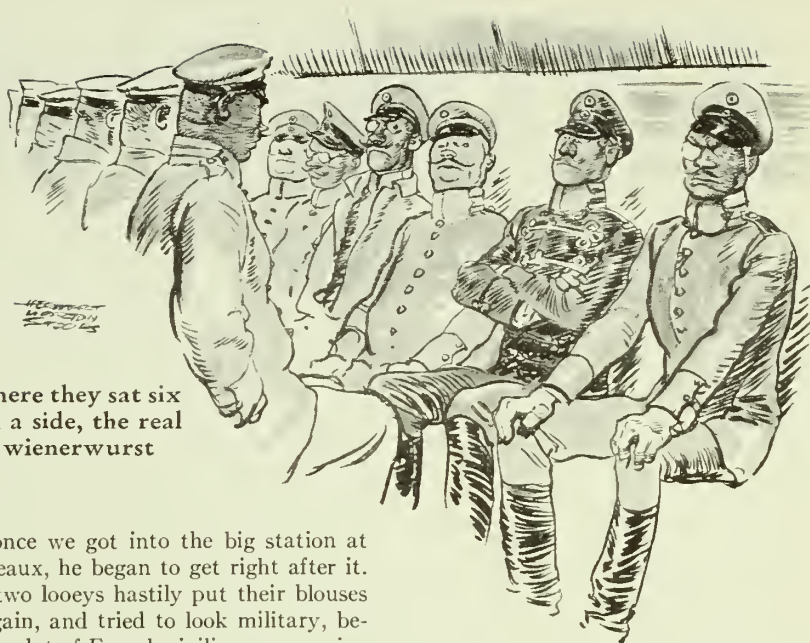
"What do those men mean, sergeant?" asks Pussy-cat.

"Oh, they're just inviting the boys to have a drink!"

"Order them away, then!"

"Allay!" said I, yelling out the window. The railroad men went away, touching their heads with their forefingers.

Nick the Turk hadn't been able to carve at all, the train had bounced so,



There they sat six on a side, the real wienerwurst

but once we got into the big station at Bordeaux, he began to get right after it. The two looeyes hastily put their blouses on again, and tried to look military, because a lot of French civilians were going by and peeking in at us.

"What's the disturbance down there?" asks the Owl, all of a sudden.

More redskin fight, I supposed. But no, the boys were all boiling out of the cars and looking in the window of a train that was on the other track. The same French officer came up to our window then, and muttered something again, but I was in too big a hurry to find out what was going on. When I heard, Nick and the two lieutenants were just as excited as I was. There was a carload of German officers there; prisoners, lady. I'd seen some prisoners on the dock when we landed, but these were the real wienerwurst, what I mean. They sat there, six on a side, the way the gods sit on Olympus, and never so much as gave a glance to right or left. One or two were in gray, but most of them were in dark blue with high red collars, and one had on a snappy black blouse with white frogs.

The crowd outside that compartment was pretty quiet. We all had the chills going up and down our backs. This was our first look at the boys that had made Germany what she was, and any country that could turn out a breed that could sit there like stone images and exude contempt for the world the way

those officers could was going to take some beating!

Then appears an American officer with R. T. O. on his arm. Lady, he was just brimming over with words.

"What the heck are you dumbbells doing there on the flat of your ends?" he roars. "Get out of here! You have to change trains here! Condemn and blast and burn! You have to do as you're told, you know, there's a war going on. Come on, don't gape at me, get into that train on Track 5, if it hasn't gone already!"

"Well, how are we to know?" sputters

the little looey. "We aren't mind readers!"

"Bah! The French *commissaire* said he came over here twenty minutes ago and said you'd have to move, and this sergeant here, that one right there, said he'd see it was done."

Well, the three of them were all over me like a tent, but I rushed away to get the men into the other train. How did I know what that French officer had said? He talked too fast.

Gee, changing trains was terrible, lady. The men had their stuff all over the cars, and they had taken the cans of food out of their packs and stowed them under the seat, and when they tried to grab up everything in an armful, the cans would fall out and roll away, and their puttees would come undone and drag behind and trip the next fellow, and their rifles got crossways of the door and all was as confused as a ton of spaghetti. The soldiers piled in anywhere they could—the new train was full of civilians—and the two officers ran to a first-class car to get in. I opened the door for them and looked back to see how the boys were doing. Gee, they were all over the station. It was awful. And the engineer of the new train kept blowing his whistle to make us hurry, which only made things worse. And we could see the Prussian prisoners had broken down at last. They laughed themselves sick.

"I guess the boys will make it," said I, starting to climb in, and pushing Nick the Turk in ahead of me.

"Well, it won't be through any fault of yours!" snaps the fat little looey.

We got under way again, clickety clack. This was my first real look at France, because we'd marched into Genicart at night, and the rest of the time, except for one short visit to Bordeaux, I'd looked at the countryside through the wire fence. But from the car window it looked swell. There were toy forests, and nice white chateaux peeking out from them like pic- (Continued on page 54)

PICKING UP

By

HERBERT
F. GOODRICH

Dean,
*University of Pennsylvania
Law School*

HE STOOD there on the corner, eyeing wistfully each car as it approached. His upraised hand, thumb protruding, pointed appealingly in the direction you were going. It is a bit lonely to drive alone, and he obviously wanted a lift. So you took him in. A few miles further on, there was a bad curve. Perhaps you were going a trifle fast. At any rate you did not see that bit of ice on the pavement until you felt the car skid. The next thing you knew the car stopped against one of the trees which line the edge of the highway. The smash wasn't a hard one, twisted the bumper a bit, broke one light, and crumpled a fender. You pulled yourself together in a few moments and went on under your own power. The passenger had little to say, but he did not appear to be hurt. It was a painful surprise, therefore, to receive a few days later, a summons in his suit against you in which damages for several thousand dollars were claimed for a long catalogue of injuries, some of them names you had never even heard before. Are you in for a liability which it may take years to clear?

THERE is little which is novel about this experience. Indeed, it is the type of happening that furnishes much of the grist for the legal mill in nearly every court in any part of the country. Now, as in former days, people having disputes call upon courts to adjudicate for them those questions which they cannot settle among themselves. Of the accounts of these people's trials and tribulations, none make more interesting reading than the reports of the cases in which judges have dealt with the responsibility for injuries sustained in motor vehicle accidents.

Indeed, the record of this accident litigation affords, in addition to its intrinsic appeal as human drama, a striking example of two highly important elements in development of the law. One is

the adaptation of old and settled principles of law by judges to fit new situations as they arise. The other is a demonstration of how action by a legislature in making rules must come in to supplement law's development through court decision when changing times demand more rapid change in law than we can expect through gradual development.

Consider first the motorist's liability based on well established rules of the common law. It was settled, long before we heard the exhaust of a motor car, that one who negligently hurt another (if the other was himself free from negligence) was liable for the other's injuries. One interesting precedent goes back to 1676, which ought to be ancient enough for any court. A man rode an unruly horse into Lincoln's Inn Fields in London, to train him. The beast broke away and caused harm, for which the rider was held.

"It was the defendant's fault," says the report of the case, "to bring a wild horse into such a place where mischief might probably be done..." Negligence, in the large, is an easy concept to grasp: indeed, labored explanation is more likely to cloud than to clear its meaning. Call it lack of reasonable care, or a failure to take such precautions in what you do as a man of ordinary prudence under the circumstances would take. Now one can fail to exercise reasonable care in the management of a yoke of oxen and a cart, a horse and buggy, or an eighty-horsepower motor car. The precautions to be taken in order that one may be called careful obviously vary with each of these objects. The greater the possibility of harm, the more one must be on the alert to guard against it. A man could not be called careful if he handled a box of dynamite as he safely could a bale of hay. But the general standard of conduct, reasonable care, is the same in all instances: only its application varies with the changing facts. So, when courts had before them the question of liability of the motorist for damages another had suffered in an accident, the rule already worked out in horse and buggy days was there, ready for application to the new facts. No new rule was necessary.

EVEN in this uncomplicated set of facts, however, changing times have called for one change in the law. Suppose the person hurt by the motorist is a passenger in the car, not a pedestrian or another car driver. That is our problem put at the beginning of this paper. What is the measure of responsibility? The rule worked out by the courts and applied in the automobile cases was that



1



2



3

A SHORT STORY

the responsibility here, as well as to persons outside the car, was that of reasonable care. This applied whether the passenger was carried for pay or for nothing. The rule in general seems fair enough and fits in with the rules of lia-

TROUBLE



4



5



6

WITHOUT WORDS

bility in comparable situations not involving automobiles. But there were a great many accident claims, both by guests who were friends of motorists and by those who, like our man already described, invited themselves.

JULY, 1937

Illustrations
by
WILL GRAVEN

Is the rule that the motorist must pay if he has failed to take reasonable care for his passenger's safety too severe on the good natured driver who picks up another as a favor? Like many other questions which courts and legislatures have to settle, it is hard to prove what answer is right. Perhaps there is force in the argument that one who is being carried for nothing should not be heard to complain about the conduct of a driver who takes as good care of his guest as he does of himself. Then, too, there is the matter of insurance. If the driver is liable the insurance company pays. It is not an unreasonable assumption to make that if a motorist has had an accident and hurt a friend riding with him in the car, if the friend can collect from the insurance company at no immediate expense to the motorist, the latter will not fight the claim to the last ditch. Payments by insurance companies necessarily come back on policy holders in higher premiums.

Whatever the reason back of the vote for change in the mind of any individual legislator, at least twenty-one of our States have enacted statutes upon the subject of the respective rights and liabilities of guests and operators. A typical statute is that of Ohio, which limits the liability of the driver to the gratuitous guest to instances of "wilful or wanton misconduct" of the driver. Thus the motorist gets greater immunity but the hitch hiker has less protection. It reminds one of the remark of the Duchess in *Alice in Wonderland*: "The more there is of mine, the less there is of yours." Whether the new rule seems fairer than the old one may conceivably be affected by the circumstance of whether the person asked the question owns a car himself or rides, when he can, in that of his neighbor.

Another instance of motorist's liability under common law principles, with sharp statutory changes following, is in responsibility of the owner for injuries to third persons when the car is driven by another. For the orthodox situation, the courts here, too, had a ready-made rule to apply. Every law student knows that a master is responsible for the wrongful acts of his servant committed in the scope and course of the employment. So, if the grocery man's delivery truck is carelessly driven by his clerk and runs down a pedestrian, the latter may have redress against the grocer even though the latter

had never laid hand on the wheel. No new rules are needed to care for this situation.

But suppose that instead of the delivery truck, it is the grocer's passenger car which has done the harm, and that the driver was the grocer's seventeen-year-old son on an errand for his own pleasure. Must the father pay for the harm which comes from the son's careless driving? Many laymen think so, but incorrectly. The rule of law is well established that a parent is not, because of parenthood, responsible for the wrongs committed by his offspring. Parenthood carries many burdens with it, but this is not one of them. If the boy works for his father, the latter has as much responsibility as if the father had employed his neighbor's boy instead of his own, but no more. But where the father allows his son to use the car to go to a high school dance, one can look in vain to find any employment by the father in an enterprise so obviously conducted for the son's pleasure only. It would follow, then, that if the youngster carelessly hurt a pedestrian while on the way to the dance, father would not be responsible; son, theoretically, would.

THIS result, sound enough on orthodox principles, was thought to be not wholly satisfactory. To say the youth of seventeen was liable did not help the injured pedestrian. Seventeen-year-old boys cannot, ordinarily, pay claims for damages. The car was the father's, even though not being used, at the time of the accident, by one who by any stretch of imagination could be called an employee. The rule which met with no objection when the son was entrusted with the family horse and carriage did not seem so satisfactory when applied to an article so capable of serious damage as a high-powered car.

TO TRY to find a better solution many courts evolved what is called the family purpose doctrine. Its name describes it fairly well. Under it, if the son drove for his mother while she did the family shopping and the son carelessly hurt the pedestrian, the father would be liable. Likewise, if the accident happened while the boy was driving his little sister to a children's party. But if the son is off in the car on a camping trip with other boys and has an accident it is hard to see how the enterprise is family purpose, more so if the owner has lent the car to his brother-in-law to go on a picnic. The family purpose doctrine, in other words, while it played ducks and drakes with the settled rules of master and servant, did not go far enough (*Continued on page 52*)

HEALTH— *in a* BIG WAY

By
JOHN BLACK

HARD to know how to begin a story like this. So many angles to it. What shall we talk about—the hills, perhaps—with Mount Morris, lofty and majestic, towering along the horizon against a glittering blue sky? Or the lake—with its mirror of pine-treed banks, winding away through a richly forested countryside far as the eye can see.

It's an impressive picture, right enough. But there's another side to the story . . . What does the record say? *Two thousand men, broken in health and spirit—wan, emaciated, defeated* . . . That was yesterday. What of today? Today those two thousand men are sound, sturdy citizens—restored to the world again as happy, normal workers.

Guess that's the real beginning, after all. Two thousand men. Average Americans. Way back in 1925 they started on the long trail to health—the trail that led through the Adirondack Mountains to Tupper Lake, New York. You're right!—

we have reference to The American Legion Mountain Camp, that remarkable adventure in the humanities which is maintained by the Department of New York for convalescent veterans.

It's not easy to tell the story of Tupper Lake. The plot has a dozen by-paths—and, as Kipling would have it, "every single one of them is right." But let's hold to the main road. Tupper Lake Camp was founded in 1921. It had one clear-cut aim—to offer a rest haven for veterans who were in the "twilight zone" of health: neither sick enough for hospitalization, nor well enough to face the rough-and-tumble of everyday life. Since then its fame has spread far. And justly, too, as the record shows. Here are some facts on the camp's growth. The total of patients cared for each season has risen from 54 in 1926 to 194 in 1936. And—this for the financially-minded reader—the endowment fund, which is the bulwark of the institution's existence, has swelled from \$53,677 in 1923 to \$452,000 at the end of

the first quarter this year. Add to that the fact that the per diem cost of patients has fallen from \$4.81 in 1926 to \$1.83 in 1936, and you have the statistician's story of the camp in a nutshell.

But statistics are a cold business, at best. What is the story in terms of flesh and blood? I might best answer that with an invitation. Come up with me to Tupper Lake. We'll make the trip in short order, and I'll warrant you'll find the reading time well spent.

Here we are! We stand amid a spread of hills and lake shore totaling nearly 13,000 acres. Altitude 1,500 feet, and one of the most beautiful spots of the continent. Pine trees everywhere. The air is scented with them. Tupper Lake itself skirts the property, curling in unexpected





bends around a colorful capricious shore. Ideal? That's putting it mildly. When I first saw the property I had but one thought, that nature must have designed it for the very purpose to which it is now dedicated.

Even the historic background of the camp area blends into its present service as a haven for war veterans. Occupancy of the property goes back to the Civil War period; in 1865 a group of veterans were given land grants and set up homes for themselves on what is now camp property. These veterans, Tupper Lake graybeards will tell you, lived a true pioneer life, with ox teams, covered wagons, and all the colorful paraphernalia of early America. They felled trees, opened clearings, and started farms which they occupied for some 25 years. Stone foundations of these farms still remain.

The property changed hands in rapid succession after that. Owned briefly by a group of rich New Yorkers who used it as a country club, it was acquired in 1892 by Colonel William Barbour, a millionaire who converted it through subsequent years into one of the finest estates in the Adirondacks.

Colonel Barbour spared no funds in developing his holdings. The property included two particularly choice points of land, both affording superb waterfront views. On one, known as Paradise Point, he built a modern house, all of special

A charming lake in the midst of a rugged, unspoiled countryside is the setting for the Mountain Camp of the New York Department of The American Legion. On opposite page, the infirmary of the convalescent section of the camp, at Tupper Lake. Try to include a visit to the Mountain Camp on your itinerary to the National Convention in New York City next September

timber, for himself and his family. On the other point, a generation later, he built a bungalow as a wedding gift to one of his sons.

These structures, the house and the bungalow, were the nucleus from which the entire Legion camp has developed. Today the bungalow, much enlarged and improved, is the key building of the infirmary quarters which occupy a commanding position facing the lake. The house is the key building of the more recently established recreation area, which likewise faces the lake.

Colonel Barbour died in 1917. Three years later, while the idea of creating the mountain camp for veterans was germinating in the brain of Representative Charles Pope Caldwell, the heirs of the thread magnate were just making up their minds to sell the estate.

Representative Caldwell's idea won quick support among Legion leaders in

the Department of New York, and also among non-Legion philanthropists. It crystallized in the formation of the American Legion Mountain Camp Corporation, with Caldwell as president. Financial support came promptly—hundreds of veterans donated part of their New York State bonus which had just been paid, and the corporation inherited \$100,000 from the late Mrs. Olive Hoe Slade, of Mamaroneck, New York.

Accompanied by Commissioner McDonald of the New York State Conservation Department, Mr. Caldwell made a tour of the Adirondacks in 1921 seeking a desirable site. This trip brought them to the Tupper Lake property. For the rest, well, "they came, saw, and were conquered." Negotiations opened with the Barbour heirs, culminating in the sale of the property to the Legion corporation for \$85,000. An ordinary business deal? Hardly! On completion of the sale the property was officially appraised for \$150,000, with replacement value of \$225,000. We should add too that its present appraised value is \$275,000.

When first opened in 1922, the camp was used temporarily as a hospital, and it continued in that capacity until 1924, a year later resuming its original role as a convalescent rest camp.

Thus began in 1925 the practical operation of an institution that has no parallel in the (Continued on page 46)

MY BIG THRILL

HEREWITH the prize-winning entries of the Magazine's contest in which participants in the Legion's 1927 National Convention and Pilgrimage to France were invited to tell in 250 words or less their greatest thrill of the trip. The contest was announced in the April issue and the closing date for entries was May 10th

\$250 Prize
SUNSHINE

HIS name was "Sunshine" Stubblefield and he came from the mountains of Tennessee to embark upon the glorious Pilgrimage of 1927. Sunshine arrived in New York carrying in addition to his baggage an old sack, the contents of which he did not reveal despite the curiosity of his buddies.

Even in the midst of the enthusiasm of the departure of our ship, Sunshine showed an unusual attachment to his strange possession. When the *Leviathan* steamed slowly away with bands playing, airplanes circling overhead, and the Legionnaires singing, "Good-bye Broadway—Hello France," and throughout the entire voyage, Sunshine never forgot his sack.

In Paris, as we dashed madly about sightseeing, and on the American Express tour, Sunshine's first concern was the safety of his bag. Strange to say, as we marched in the unforgettable Parade of Nations down the historic Champs Elysées to the thrilling strains of The Star Spangled Banner and the Marseillaise, he carried his sack along. And still he kept his silence.

Just before returning, Sunshine urged me to accompany him on a journey. Together we motored to the beautiful American Cemetery at Romagne. Here I understood Sunshine's mission. I watched him with tears in his eyes walk toward the grave of a boyhood friend to fulfill his promise to a Gold Star Mother. Sunshine had carried this sack of soil from the hills of Tennessee that the grasses of France, making green his comrade's last resting place, might forever grow in the sacred earth of his native land.—
THOMAS H. WEATHERFORD, *Chattanooga, Tennessee.*

\$100 Prize
AND THERE IT WAS

TWAS Sunday in September, 1927. My wife and I arrived at Buncy, France, the village in which my wartime outfit waited after the Armistice for its return home. Little had I dreamed of ever again being there. It remained for time and The American Legion to make possible this second visit.

As we milled about the town I was pointing out to my wife places once familiar to me. She was seeing the things she had read letters about when I was the soldier, she the sweetheart. My emotions became visible as I recognized every nook and corner. There was the old guard house; there company headquarters; yonder the canteen. I could hear the band playing The

He held on to that bag he had carried all the way from back home

Star Spangled Banner and the Marseillaise at retreat. My regiment was again passing in review. The tramp of hobnails on cobblestones was sounding in my ears.

We laughed as we climbed a long, slim ladder, crawled through a narrow opening into the dirty and dusty loft of a tall building.

My wife was wondering about it, when suddenly she saw her name, Mary Elizabeth Johnston, carved on a huge beam. We sat there in that dusty old attic, laughing, crying, staring at each other, and thought of our two babies



of the 2^D A.E.F.

Illustrations by
L.R. GUSTAVSON

thousands of miles away.—SAMUEL LEWIS POWERS, *Rutherfordton, N. C.*

\$50 Prize
HE WAS "HER BOY"

FLORIDA alligators—a little gray-haired woman in a café—a French youth killed at Verdun—a nurse blown to bits in a French Red Cross Hospital—a bottle of champagne—these are the threads of a glowing tapestry that are woven in my memory of Paris in 1927—ten years after.

As a member of the Jacksonville Drum and Bugle Corps, I took scores of baby alligators to France that year. Parisians "went to town" over them, newspapers printed pictures of me with them. I was pointed out as "the Alligator Boy."

One night, in a little café, a waiter brought me a bottle of champagne. He said it was a gift from a guest whose identity he could not disclose. Even an offer of a good-sized tip failed to move him.

I looked about the place, scanning faces of diners. At a corner table, a woman was weeping softly. A hunch came to me. I went over to her. She answered in English (having been schooled in London) that she had sent the wine. She told, as tears came, of the son at Verdun, the daughter in the Red Cross. I looked like "L'enfant." I was, to-night, her boy again!

I returned to my table, with a queer feeling. Two Legionnaires were passing the open door. I called to them and we finished the bottle.—BERNARD E. FIRTH, *Jacksonville, Florida.*

\$50 Prize
ALL, ALL AMERICANS

WHEREVER our inclinations or Mr. Cook led us after disembarking in 1927, all roads led to Paris.

Once in Paris you may not have listened to the speeches at the Trocadero; you may not have edged your way into l'Opéra the night of the grand ball, but one thing is almost certain, you did not miss the Parade. France had declared a national holiday and the streets of Paris were thronged. People were criss-

crossing here and there hoping to get a better view but I sat on a little iron chair almost in the shadow of the Arc de Triomphe and waited. A distant band was heard and presently a company of French infantry passed, officials in cars, and then the state delegations, each with a trimly uniformed band, began to pass. One after another they came—Florida—New Jersey—Wisconsin with shining helmets—Maine in green coats—Massachusetts looking fit in blue and gold uniforms, and suddenly—my own State, Oklahoma, for whom I had been saving my applause. Now, I thought, these French people

are going to see something! Here came American Indians in all the splendor of their native dress, followed by the Oklahoma Legionnaires in gay feathered head-dresses. *This* was the high-light of the parade. Then I noticed that the French people were cheering no more for Oklahoma than they were for any other State. I was taken aback, disappointed, for a minute . . . then I was thoroughly chastened. The French people were cheering for the UNITED STATES of America! Right there on the Champs Elysées I lost the feeling of belonging to any one (Continued on page 42)



Up on the beam was her name, as I had carved it

WHEEL

Illustration

by

J.W. SCHLAIKJER



WHEN a man goes to a fish fry he's entitled to look forward to a swell time, for a South Carolina fish fry is a joyous event, blessed of the gods. You meet friends who have driven hundreds of miles to give you a handclasp and a grin of greeting. You sniff the aroma of pine light-wood smoke, the incense of coffee made over an outdoor fire. You have an all-time, all-American appetite that is merely whetted by fish stew, made as only a man can make it. While you are savoring each mouthful, a grinning Legionnaire is dropping filets of shad into a vat of sizzling lard. The filets instantly turn a rich, golden brown that seals within a gorgeous flavor that is only surpassed (excuse my provincialism) by the stew we have down my way in Hampton, made of catfish caught from Sanders Branch.

Along with all this goodness, you have delicately browned shad roe and red horse bread (sometimes called corn dodgers and hush-puppies in Florida.) Red horse bread is made by frying a corn meal mixture in the same boiling lard that fried the fish except that you add onion for flavor, and if you haven't eaten any, may the good Lord send you to South Carolina sometime.

As I say, a man was meant to have a happy time at a fish fry. Your stomach stretches comfortably until even another choice morsel of shad roe can't find a resting place. Then, your pipe going and good fellows all around, you should be content and relaxed.

But at my first fish fry after being elected Department Commander I wasn't. I was without doubt the most miserable man in the Palmetto State.

The reason was a plump, bald-headed bird by the name of Felix Goudelock, our Department Adjutant, who has the broadest grin and the heartiest laugh



west of Charleston; and whose chief fault is that he thinks about The American Legion all day long and doubtless dreams about it at night. Before we even got started on the fish soup, while I was burying my muzzle in a long, cold glass of beer, he started on me.

"We might as well look over the year's program, Commander," he suggested, "and think about committee appointments and what's to be done about the special convention mandates."

"Fire away," I agreed cheerfully, never realizing what was to come.

Well, sir, he began to read, and the beauty went out of the sunset and the taste went out of the beer. Like any

other newly elected Commander I had a great eagerness to make my incumbency a record year; but like any other Legionnaire I thought my part was mostly making speeches, explaining the ideals and aims of the Legion.

But as Felix read I suddenly realized I was fully and finally responsible for a program whose length staggered me. South Carolina is not a large Department, and we haven't done anything spectacular, just gone ahead year after year doing our job. But even so the activities we have undertaken are amazing.

Do you fellows who pay your dues year after year ever realize the vast amount of work even a small Department does?

HORSES

By HUGH O. HANNA

*Commander, Department
of South Carolina*



**"That Legion cap
will get you through
to any place in the
flood district," the
guardsman said**

Listen to Felix reading: "Let's see, there's membership, child welfare, rehabilitation, unemployment, Americanism, community service, junior baseball, Sons of the Legion, Woodrow Wilson boyhood home caretakers, distinguished service award, highway safety campaign (a special mandate as a major objective, Commander), aviation, disaster relief, highway memorial, war orphans activity, legislation—there are some others, Commander, but these are the most important."

Sixteen different projects, all of which must be kept going—and you can't keep

them going with speeches and exhortations. Even this early, Legion affairs were taking fifty percent of my time; so what took the flavor out of the night was wondering how I could keep all these going at once. I was like the employe of a great corporation who has suddenly been made president of the company and now has to know all about everything and has to see that everything gets done. And if all my time were taken keeping permanent projects going where would I get time to plug the special convention mandates?

By now we were spooning up stew,

but mine was sticking in my throat and not from bones. A man could be excused for wondering why he ever took on the job. At this gloomy juncture Dr. A. C. Watson, our department athletic officer, strolled up to shake hands.

"I'll have two hundred baseball teams and three thousand youngsters on the diamond this year," he confided, "and we'll have the junior world's series championship, too."

"Fine, Doc," I said. "Sit and eat yourself some fish. It's pretty near as good as the old reliable Sanders Branch catfish caught by good old Bill Harrison and Frank Ayer."

"I'm fixing to directly, but I've got to see a post commander first."

Felix chuckled. "Lord help the post commander if Doc's on his trail. Four years ago when he became department athletic officer we had only eight baseball teams. Last year we had one hundred and fifty-two. Know how he does it?"

"Well—" I began.

"Doc's got a great system. He writes a post athletic officer a letter. No answer and he sends a follow-up. If there's no answer then Doc just naturally hops into his car and drives over to see the man. Even if he lives at the other end of the State. (Continued on page 48)

The Grand Canal of Venice, unique among the world's great streets. Everywhere else it's taxicabs. Here it's gondolas



ARRIVEDERCI *in* **ITALIA!** (*See You* *in* **ITALY**)

By
CAPTAIN VINCENZO R. VEDOVÌ

*President, Federation of Italian World War Veterans
in the United States*

FROM Capri in the south with its borders of sapphire blue waters and lacy, iridescent foam, to Sestriere in the north, picturesquely nestling in a lovely setting of mountains and valleys at an altitude of 6560 feet, Italy is a tourist's paradise, and one's first trip leaves a never-to-be-forgotten impression of lakes and mountains, sea-shore and countryside, of religious, cultural and historic points of interest which appeal to every visitor.

"How may one see the most in a short time?" is the question which visitors from America continually ask. "There is so much to see and such a limited time in which to see it."

The answer is first to include in the itinerary the most popular points of interest, which are Naples, Rome, Florence, Venice, Milan and the Italian Riviera.

Second to travel by rail, which is rapid, comfortable and economical for tourists, who are given, when traveling in a group, seventy percent reduction in their fare. Third is to take advantage of the unique geographic conformation of the country, planning a one-way tour in which

Looking up Rome's Avenue of Empire from the Coliseum to the chariot-topped Altar of the Fatherland, the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier





The great Italian liner Rex berthed at Genoa, where Christopher Columbus began his own and American history. Below, a street scene in Naples



one travels continuously in a single direction seeing new sights, receiving new impressions, saving much time by not being compelled to retrace his footsteps.

One may enter the country through Naples or Genoa, boarding a train there after debarking from a luxurious Italian Liner such as the *Rex* or the *Conte de Savoia*, or one may enter from the north by train through one of the many mountain passes and travel in a southerly direction. Both methods are popular with visitors, who have discovered that the

rapid train service and the interconnecting network of auto buses make it possible to visit places quickly which a few years ago were considered off the beaten track.

Suppose then, we are planning to enter Italy from the north and to leave the country through the southern gateway. (South to north is just as good, and in that case simply reverse the itinerary.)

Our train takes us down through the Simplon Pass, one of the most spectacular and certainly the most popular on the northern border. While at Brigue we are in Central Europe, but as soon as Domodossola is passed, the mountains open up a vaster horizon and the scenery, the vegetation and the brightness of

the air suddenly become essentially Italian. Within a short time the clear waters of Lake Maggiore come into sight while one is still surprised at the sudden change and no doubt is then felt that the beauty of the landscape is really Italy's.

Much has been written about the beauty of the larger resorts on beautiful Lake Garda, Lake Como and Lake Maggiore, where there are hotels and pensions to suit every pocketbook. Had we the time we might linger here for days and also visit other beautiful but lesser known lake resorts such as Lake Orta and Lake

Varese in what is known as the Varese-sotto; Lake Lugano, part of which lies in Italy, part in Switzerland, and the charming lakes of the Brianza district.

The blue sky mirrored in the tranquil waters, the green hills and lofty wooded mountains encircling the charming villas, smiling villages and attractive towns scattered along the flowered banks form a spectacular scene which defies description and instills admiration of Italy's many scenic contrasts which nature has furnished with a lavish hand.

But on this visit we cannot tarry. Our train leaves Lake Maggiore behind, passes Arona and Gallarate and then enters the vast Lombard plains where, from our train window, we get colorful impressions of checkered green fields bounded by high poplars, neat farmsteads and villages clustered under the shadows of church steeples, cut here and there by the gray asphalt roads which are now serving many tourists who bring their cars with them when they travel abroad.

Milan, the great Lombard metropolis, is pre-announced by its dense suburbs and many factories. It is, in fact, the "Chicago of Italy." The industrial prosperity and the hardworking inhabitant of this city are so evident that they make us almost overlook the fact that Milan is also an intellectual center with many memories of a long past and artistic attractions of importance and interest equal to those of better known Italian cities.

As we continue on our trip to Rome, we get a glimpse of the famous Cathedral, aptly compared to a mighty fountain of water turned into stone, even to the spray. Our train leaves the central station and again rushes at 72 miles an hour across the still unchanged Lombard plain until the Po is (Continued on page 51)

The Kids ROLL

By Eddie Rickenbacker

WITH a merciless sun beating down on them, a hundred thousand people lined the course of Derby Downs at Akron, Ohio, on a mid-August Sunday last year. They were there to see the running of the third annual All-American Soapbox Derby. At one o'clock that afternoon they thrilled to the martial music of eleven massed bands, while the one hundred seventeen boys who had brought their homemade racers from as many different cities to Akron paraded along the eleven-hundred-foot concrete track to the judges' stand.

Bombs were bursting in air as the colorful ceremonies got under way. The massed bands played The Star Spangled Banner, while Akron Boy Scouts of America raised the American flag on the flagpoles which line both sides of the course. Newsreel camera men and radio broadcasters scurried about, the thousands cheered and almost before they knew it the races were on. Down the thirty-foot track, under their own gravity, came the three cars of the first heat, with their escort of two motorcycle patrolmen, to be followed at three-minute intervals by sixty-one elimination heats to determine who should race for the championship.

Finally the big climax to a thrilling afternoon came when Herbert Muench, of St. Louis, and Harold Hansen, of White Plains, New York, received the starter's signal and started down the slope. Neck and neck they whizzed before the cheering crowd with a \$2000 scholarship as the goal. With the roar of deafening cheers in his ears, fourteen-year-old Muench shot over the finish line as the winner.

His running time was 28.4 seconds for a speed average of 27 miles an hour.

Robert Richards, 14, of Lima, Ohio, captured third place in the run-off finals with a lapsed time of 28.6 seconds. His blue car bore the insignia of The American Legion on its side.

Immediately after the All-American final, the event took on an international air when champion Muench raced Norman Neumann, South African champion, who had traveled all the way from his home in Pretoria to enter the competitions. Muench was again victor, zooming past the judges to finish with almost a second lapsed time ahead of Neumann.

Back in 1933, Myron E. Scott, a photographer for the *Dayton Daily News*, was out on an assignment to get unposed action pictures for his paper. He came across five or six boys racing their homemade cars down a hill. Their cars were made of all sorts of junk—crates, boxes, barrels, sheets of tin, wire and ropes. They all had four wheels, some of which were made of barrel tops, some salvaged from baby carriages. To each car there was a steering

device and some sort of brakes. The boys would pull their cars to the top of the hill, form a line and pilot them down.

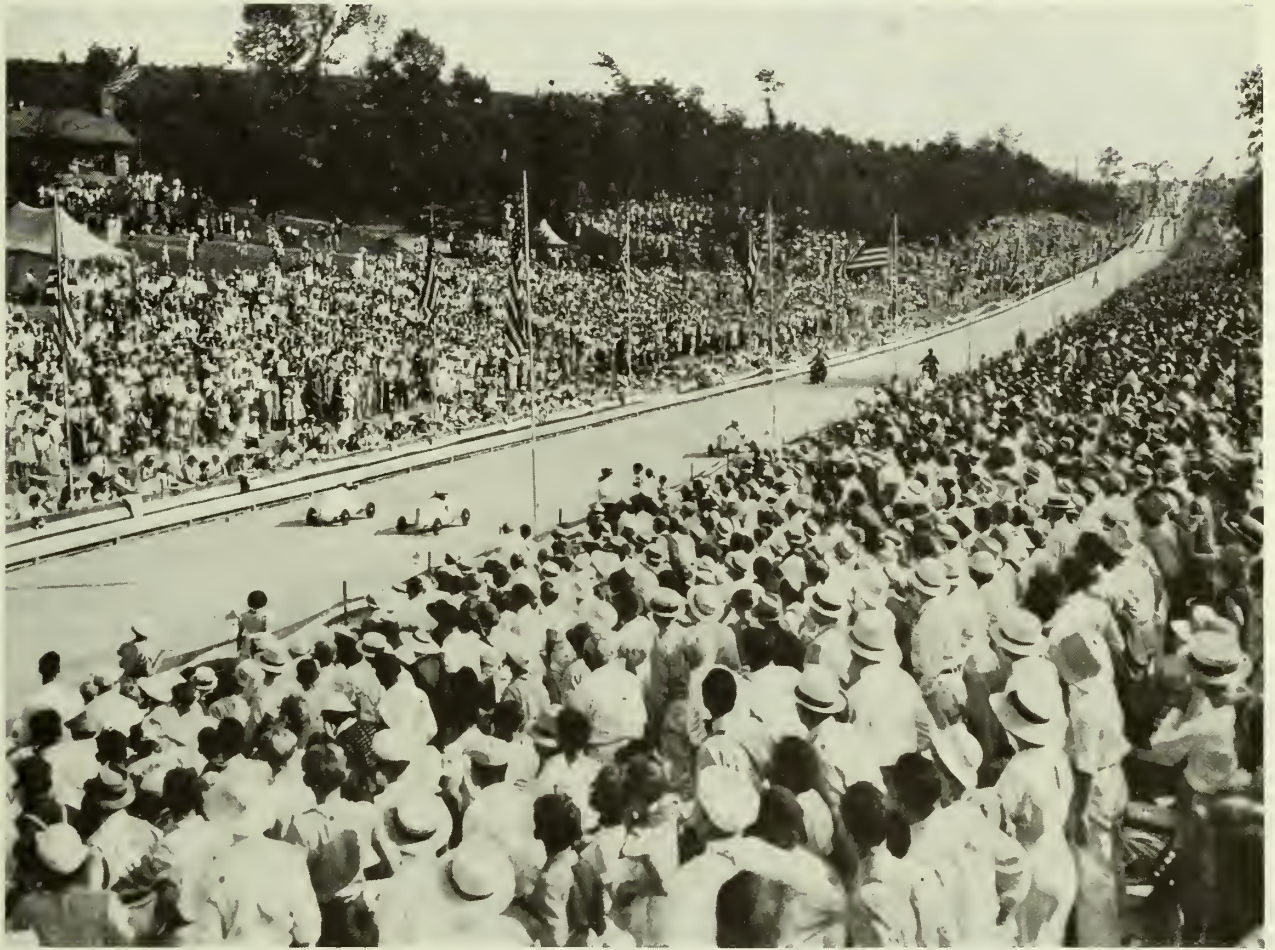
These sweaty, grimy little boys were having a swell time and gave little heed to Scott, who took several pictures. On the way back to the newspaper, Scott got himself a big idea. And that idea was to stage a city-wide race of those little homemade cars, and give a cup to the winner. His editor liked the idea, and gave him five weeks to promote it. Of course among the first things to do was to find a name for the event. Ten suggested names were written on slips



At left, Herbert Muench of St. Louis, world's champion, flanked by the runners-up. Above, Bob Richards wins the Legion-sponsored contest at Lima, Ohio, despite a bad spill. Richards finished third in the national finals

of paper, and by a process of elimination Scott selected the Soapbox Derby tag, and with it was born a new tag for himself, for from that time he became "Soapbox Scotty." Five weeks' promotion aroused quite a bit of interest among the kids, but little did "Scotty" reckon the tremendous public interest the races would inspire,

THEIR OWN



and he was totally unprepared for what happened.

On the day of the first derby, "Scotty" didn't start for the hillside where the races were to be held until a few minutes before the appointed time to start. On the way out, he found himself caught in a traffic jam. Making inquiry as to the cause of the trouble, he was told by an impatient motorist that it was on account of "a damn bunch of kids and their crazy looking cars." He got to a telephone and called his office, and was promptly told to get on the job as scores of calls had been coming in to locate him. He parked his car, and hoofed it to the hillside, while his office got extra policemen out to untangle the traffic. Nearly forty thousand persons were on hand to see "Soapbox Scotty's" first derby. That clinched the idea.

It takes money to promote an activity of this sort—lots of money. But that didn't bother Scotty for he saw something greater in the idea than feature pictures, fun for kids, and thrills. Above and beyond all that he saw the development of the true spirit of sportsmanship in the

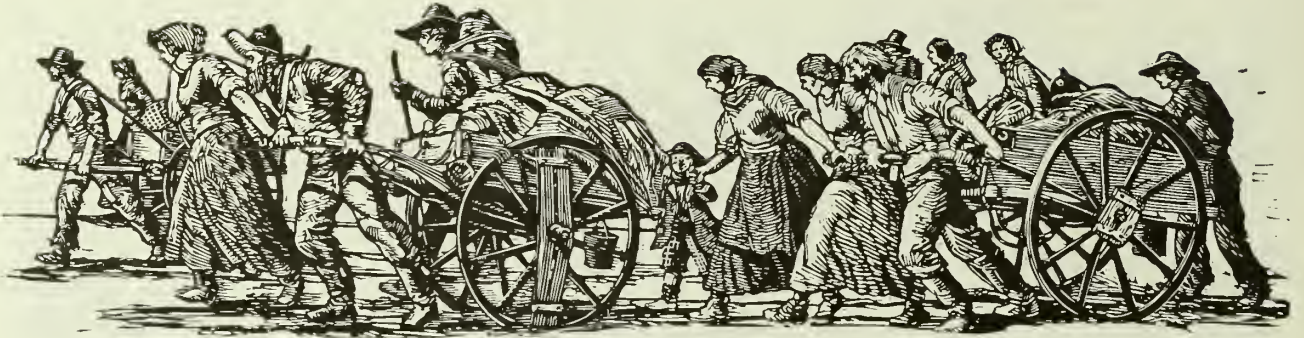
A few of the hundred thousand people who watched the Soapbox Derby finals at Akron, Ohio, last year. The Legion's National Americanism Commission has endorsed this year's Derby, to be run at Akron on August 15th

thousands of boys who would be attracted. He took his idea to an old friend in Detroit who introduced him to M. E. Coyle, widely-known motor executive. Coyle got the idea of what it would all mean to the boys of America, but he desired to keep such an activity as free as possible from the taint of commercialism. He felt the time and cost involved would be a good investment in Americanism. So he arranged to take care of the over-all expense of the national finals, while newspapers throughout the country sponsored the event locally. That year it became a national affair and newspapers in thirty-four cities got behind the idea; in 1935 the number had grown to fifty-four. Last year exactly one

hundred seventeen cities were represented.

The contestants are divided into two classes according to age: Class A, 13 to 15 years, and Class B, 9 to 12. In running the races Class A drivers compete against each other, and Class B drivers race among themselves until champions in each class are determined, and then the champions of the two races for the championship crown. Each driver signs a pledge that his car is constructed wholly by himself and at a cost of not more than ten dollars. All cars are equipped with four running wheels not exceeding fifteen inches in height, and this year the tires must be of solid rubber, and the treads not less than thirty inches. The wheelbase must be less than forty inches, the over-all length not to exceed seventy-five inches and the over-all width not over 42 inches. The steering guides must be of wire or cable, and brakes may be either hand or foot of drag or wheel type. The maximum weight of a car and its driver cannot exceed 250 pounds. The drivers must construct their own cars; however, they are permitted to buy, (Continued on page 46)

To UTAH -



The DIARY OF TWISS BERMINGHAM, MORMON IMMIGRANT, WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES BY SAMUEL TAYLOR MOORE



FOREWORD

ALL but forgotten in the colorful history of the pioneering of our West is the story of the heroic Handcart Settlers.

Substitute the grievous consequences of the economic blight over northern Europe in the middle nineteenth century

barren slopes of the Continental Divide, over rough mountain trails, from the railroad terminus in Iowa City to Zion, now Salt Lake City.

Five handcart trains, numbering roughly four hundred persons each, began the journey in the summer of 1856, averaging over four months on the trail. Starting late, the last two trains did not reach the mountains until after winter weather had set in.

According to a member of the first of these trains, sixty-seven of four hundred pioneers died from starvation, exhaustion, disease and cold. In a single night fifteen froze to death. Of the other train starting late, the same historian reports that one-fourth of the company died. Certain it is that their handcarts had to be abandoned in the deep snows, and the

story of how a score of men left behind to guard the carts survived until spring is an epic not to be duplicated except in the history of Polar exploration.

But even among the three earlier companies deaths were frequent, and illness, affliction, privation and exhaustion daily experiences. Yet despite such constant hardships the immigrants sang and made merry in their camps at night, sustained by visions of better days ahead. But the stories of later disasters, gaining circulation in the outer world and no doubt exaggerated in the course of repetition, created such apprehension that in succeeding years the handcart pioneers were

negligible in number. Their hard mode of travel was extinct by 1860.

The handcart idea was born in the active brain of Brigham Young. Succeeding to the presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints in 1847, he lost no time in stimulating the emigration of European converts. Mormon missionaries had been busy in Europe and as far away as India since 1837, but it is doubtful whether in the thirteen years up to 1850 more than a few thousand foreign converts had joined the shifting capitals of Mormonism, at Kirtland, Ohio; Independence and Far West, Missouri; Nauvoo, Illinois; Salt Lake City. Between 1850 and 1887 Mormon immigrants totaled 85,000.

This great influx was made possible by the creation of a Perpetual Emigration Fund Company whereby for as little as \$50 (\$5 down payment) the convert was transported from Liverpool to Salt Lake City, at least a six months' journey. In the first seven years of the Young program emigrants traveled by sailing ship to New Orleans, thence up the Mississippi by river packet to St. Louis and by ox-team trains to Salt Lake City. In 1855 the railroad was opened as far west as Iowa City, then the capital of Iowa. By combining the use of railroad and handcarts Brigham Young saw an opportunity to re-



for the plagues visited on Egypt, and the figure of Brigham Young for that of Moses, and save for the absence of such miracles as the parting of the waters, it might be the story of Exodus in an authentic American setting.

Between two and three thousand Mormon immigrants toiled 1500 miles, pushing and pulling two-wheeled carts laden with all their worldly possessions, the aged and children trudging after, across scorching summer prairie, up the

Illustrations by

LOWELL L. BALCOM



By HAND



duce transportation costs to \$45 a person.

Some handcarts were built in St. Louis, some in Chicago, and some by Mormon artisans at Iowa City. Their cost varied from \$20 to less than \$10 each. Lacking uniformity of materials and workmanship, the staunchness of the carts varied. Wooden axles wore out, wheels fell apart. Many broke down beyond repair. Most had to be patched constantly along the trail, using buffalo hide, metal from cooking utensils—whatever human ingenuity could devise. Although quality varied, in appearance the carts were of a pattern, being fitted with twin shafts five feet long with crossbar at the end of the shafts so that they might either be pulled horse-fashion or pushed.

(One of the handcarts is still on exhibition in the Mormon Museum at Salt Lake City.) Each cart weighed about sixty pounds and carried from one hundred pounds of baggage upward. Although normally the weight would dwindle as food supplies were consumed, frequently there was added the extra weight of tired children. Five persons were assigned to each cart, but because of women, children, aged, weak and infirm, in general one able-bodied man or woman was left to draw each vehicle. Assigned to each train went a covered wagon drawn by three yokes of oxen carrying tents and luggage, limited to seventeen pounds per person. A small herd of milk cows completed the traveling organization, but often the cows strayed or went dry.

In general, the emigrants were from the poorer classes of England and North Europe, predominantly from the British Isles, where life for industrial workers, miners, farmers and artisans was a grinding struggle for the most meager existence.

Yet, allowing for a primary material goal, the faith of these converts was evidenced everywhere. That they possessed the courage to embark on a long and unknown journey to the wilderness is sufficient testimony to their initiative, intelligence,

greater tests of fortitude lying ahead on the Handcart Trail.

THE DIARY

12TH APRIL 1856: Left Dublin bound for Zion. Kate and children all sick on the passage to Liverpool. After ranging the streets for some time, found Brother Chapman who gave us lodgings and brought our luggage to his house for which we had to pay 5/6. Went to meeting in the morning to the Center Branch. Heard Brother Wheelock and others speak. Went in the evening again and heard Brother Capt. Dan Jones and Brother Wheelock and others. Brother Jones addressed the Saints in English and Welsh, members from both countries being present.

13TH APRIL: Passed a very unpleasant night in Chapman's, having been bit by Bugs all night and found both my eyes fearfully swelled in the morning. Went to the office, 36 Islington, but could not easily settle my passage in consequence of their being very busy. Moved from Chapman's to a fresh lodging.

14TH APRIL: Settled my passage at the office, and bought some things for my journey.

15TH APRIL: Walked through the most



ambition and hardihood, even though most were unlettered.

In training, education and background, Twiss Bermingham was far above the average Mormon convert. A graduate of the University of Dublin, a Protestant, he had served as private secretary to a British official. Unattracted by the dull routine of government service, ambitious for his growing family, he staked his limited capital on this venture in the New World, at the age of twenty-four. The original of his diary, which is here published for the first time, is now in the possession of Rutledge Bermingham Barry of New York City, his grandson.

Although that part of the diary illuminating the trials of the handcart trek is of major historical importance, the early entries so graphically reveal the hardships of a trans-Atlantic voyage before the advent of steamships that the record begins with the departure from Dublin. Indeed, the hardships of the sea trip constituted excellent training for the



part of Liverpool and saw the principal buildings, St. George's Hall and others.

17TH APRIL: Left the lodgings and went on board the *S. Curling*, in the Wellington Dock.

18TH APRIL: Ship still in dock taking in cargo and passengers' luggage.

19TH APRIL: The ship was towed out of dock into the Mersey and cast anchor



until 12 o'clock. Tug-boat came alongside and brought Brother Franklin D. Richards and others of the Valley Elders amongst whom were Brothers Scott and McGhee, bringing Sister Brannigan who went to Belfast a week previous to avoid being taken by her parents who wished to prevent her going with the Saints.

All hands had to come on deck to pass the Doctor and the Govt. Inspector. After passing and going below, I was sent for by Brother Franklin, who gave me his parting blessing and expressed a wish to serve me when he came to Zion. Remained at anchor in the river until next morning when the Captain of the Ship and Brother Capt. Dan Jones, the President of the Ship, came on board. We passed the doctor again in the general muster on deck. The tug towed the ship out to sea and left about 2 o'clock P. M., carrying back letters for post. Wrote to my uncle and Tom, and received a letter from my uncle and one from Brother Bond. Very little wind. Ship running about 2 miles an hour. Held an organization council on deck, but afterwards went below to the hospital.

President Jones presiding, the following rules and regulations were adopted: 1st Presiding:

Elder Dan Jones—President; Elder John Oakly—Counsellor, Elder David Grant—Counsellor.

The ship was then divided into 11 wards, and I was elected 1st Clerk of the ship. Elder Thos. Thomas to preside over the 1st Ward. John Edwards 2d Ward. John Parry 3d Ward. Job Welling 4th Ward. John McDonald 5th Ward. James Thomas 6th Ward. Evans Evans 7th Ward. Richard Williams 8th Ward. William Butler 9th



Ward. John Lewis 10th Ward. John Walters 11th Ward. Brother Wilson to be 2nd or assisting Clerk.

The resolutions passed were, that the President of each ward have a sufficient number of men up every morning to wash and clean under and before each berth in his ward, and to have it finished and prayers over at 6 o'clock. Any neglect of the rules passed by the council or presiding, the President of the ward will be held responsible and will be liable to be tried by a council of his brethren.

The cook house to be open to receive the 1st and 2d wards at 6 o'clock for cooking breakfast. 3d and 5th ward to cook from 6½ to 7, 4th and 6th 7 to 7½, 7th and 8th 7½ to 8, 9th and 10 and 11th 8 to 9.

Dinner to follow the same rotation, commencing at 11 o'clock and ending at 3. Supper or Tea, same rotation commencing at 4½ and ending at 7½, when the galley fires are to be put out.

Prayers are to be over in each ward at 8 o'clock P. M., and the President of each ward to have a teachers' meeting within this time, say to commence at ¼ 8.

In order to prevent disease, the Presidents are to have the Saints go on deck as much as possible.

There were many other resolutions passed with regard to the regulation of the Saints in the different wards, one of which was that the Hospital be allotted to Brother Jones and the Clerks for an Office, and that we keep all sickness out of the ship.

20TH APRIL—SUNDAY: Still a calm. Off the Welsh coast. A general assembly on deck. President Jones addressed the meeting and his counsellors also spoke.

21ST APRIL: Still a calm. In Carnarvon Bay, off the Welsh Coast.

22ND APRIL: During the night we had a nice breeze, which left us on the Wexford coast, Ireland, where we are perfectly becalmed.

23D APRIL: Wind a little fresher this morning. Running at 5 miles an hour. Called for night watch and appointed sergeant of the watch. During my watch I found one of the sentries asleep. Relieved by Brother Payne at one o'clock.

24TH APRIL: A good and favorable wind. Ship making 12 miles an hour. Kate and children sick. Self sick, and all on board unless the crew and Captain Jones.

25TH APRIL: Wind still favorable. Ship running 15 miles. Passengers still all sick. Between decks in a horrid mess, and ship rolling perpetually. Paid the Captain's cook £1 to cook for me during the voyage, it being almost impossible to get anything cooked at the passengers' galley fire, from the number of passengers and the smallness of the cooking stoves.

Appointed by the President *Star* and book agent for the passage, he having bought a few numbers of the *Star* from Liverpool in advance and some books.

NOTE: This was the celebrated

Mormon newspaper "Millennial Star."

26TH APRIL: Favorable wind all day. Nearly all the Saints on deck. I aid Brother Jones for the *Stars* and books sold and returned those unsold, received fifty *Stars* more to sell. Week's provisions given out. 9 o'clock P. M., all well on board.

27TH APRIL—SUNDAY: A small bird, a swallow or martin, flew on deck and fell down panting, caught by the carpenter of the ship, who gave it to the Captain. The Captain said it flew from land which was 700 or 800 miles from Cape Clear. Favorable wind and ship running well. Addressed the Saints at the evening meeting, being called on by the President. A general meeting held today on deck. Volunteered to assist to wash and clean the ward in the morning.

28TH APRIL: Passed a very sleepless night. Water coming down on my berth all night. A child died, 17 months old, this morning, and was thrown overboard at 8 o'clock P. M. Head wind. Ship running about 6 miles an hour.

29TH APRIL: Very stormy. Another child died this morning.

30TH APRIL: Blowing a gale. Very many of the passengers sick again, owing to the roughness of the sea. Two births, a boy and a girl, which leaves the number of passengers the same as when we started.

1ST MAY: Getting passengers to sign



the Bonds, required by the Permanent Emigration Fund Co.

2D MAY: Getting passengers to sign bonds but obliged to leave off in consequence of the roughness of the sea. Sister Laurensen fainted but recovered immediately on being administered to. Sea and storm rose so high that the boxes which were lashed broke from their fastenings and ran all over the ship. A boy fell down one of the hatches and was much hurt.

3D MAY: A fearful storm last night. Two sails carried away. The Captain of the ship said he never witnessed such a storm, although he was 20 years at sea. Slept none all night. Obligated to hold the children, one under each arm, to prevent



their being thrown out of bed. 12 O'CLOCK: Storm still raging, and a great many people sick from the pitching and rolling of the vessel. A general prayer meeting at the middle hatch for calmer weather and a more prosperous voyage.

4TH MAY—SUNDAY: Passed a good night. Slept well. Vessel making very little progress. Wind dead ahead. A sacrament meeting between decks and another meeting at 7½ in the evening.

5TH MAY: Called last night, just as I was going to bed, to be captain of the watch for the night. Went on guard at one o'clock. Came off at 6. Nothing particular transpired during the night.

6TH MAY: Head winds and stormy. Many very sea sick.

7TH MAY: Head winds. Vessel rocking very much.

8TH MAY: A child died this morning.

9TH MAY: Stormy for the whole day. Another child died this morning. A "gentile" passenger made a great deal of noise and was dragged from the young females' part of the ship where he sequestered himself and put into his own berth. Brother Lucas and myself placed as a guard upon the single women's quarters for the balance of the voyage to prevent any such recurrence.

NOTE: It is of record that the Curling made port at Boston. That there are no further entries in the diary until the start of the handcart trek possibly is due to the press of duties which would fall to the lot of a clerk—Mormon records, the execution of immigration papers, etc. It is probable that entries are lacking for the train journey to Iowa City because immigrants were herded

like cattle into cramped quarters and frequent changes of cars were necessary. There is also evidence that the camp at Iowa City was not up to the usual Mormon standards in organization and discipline, which is understandable by reason of the fact that the handcart trains represented a new experiment.

IOWA CITY, IOWA, 11TH JUNE: Left town with the hand carts. Travelled 8 miles. Camped at 9 mile house.

12TH JUNE: Travelled 12 miles. Started at 9½ o'clock and camped at 1 o'clock. Very hot day and windy. The dust flew so thick that we could not see each other 1 yard distant. Before we left, I was appointed President of a tent. This day was so very severe that Brother Laurensen and myself with our families thought we could not go on with safety to ourselves and families and drag hand carts with about 250 lbs. of luggage on them and so determined on returning to Iowa City to try to procure a team to go through with.

13TH JUNE: Left the camp and paid 5 dollars to a teamster to take us back. Arrived at Iowa City at 8 o'clock. Found it very difficult to procure lodging. Saw Brother Ferguson at the camp who encouraged me to follow the company.

14TH JUNE: Overtook the company at Little Bear Creek, 36 miles from Iowa City.

16TH JUNE: Started at 7 o'clock A. M. Camped at ¼ 7 o'clock. Travelled 15 miles. Day very hot. Bro. Laurensen fainted under his cart.

17TH JUNE: Started at 7½ o'clock. Camped at 3 o'clock. Travelled 15 miles.

18TH JUNE: Started at 6 o'clock.

Camped at 10 o'clock. Travelled 10 miles.

19TH JUNE: Started at 7 o'clock. Camped at 2 o'clock at Elk Creek. Travelled 12 miles.

20TH JUNE: Left the camp at 7 o'clock. Camped at 4½ at Indian Creek, 14 miles.

21ST JUNE: Started at 7½. Camped at South Skunk Creek. Travelled 14 miles. A child died this morning and was buried under a tree.

22D JUNE—SUNDAY: Remained at South Skunk Creek.

23D JUNE: Started at 7¼. Camped at 10 o'clock, at the 4 mile Creek. 10 miles.

24TH JUNE: Started at 7½. Camped at 4 o'clock. 13 miles.

25TH JUNE: Started at 7¼, camped on the North Coon River at 4½. 19 miles. A German Sister fainted on the road today.

26TH JUNE: Started at 7¼ o'clock. Camped at 2½ at the Middle Coon River. 12 miles.

27TH JUNE: Started at 7½. Camped at South Coon River. 9 miles.

28TH JUNE: Started at 6½ o'clock. Camped at Middle Coon River at 3½. 16 miles. Sister Laurensen fainted on the road today.

29TH—SUNDAY: Remained in Camp.

30TH JUNE: Started at 6¾ o'clock. Camped at Turkey Grove. 10½ miles. This day Brother Arthur stopped at a Town, himself and his family as he could not draw his handcart any further.

1ST JULY: Started at ½ 8. Camped at the head of Turkey Creek. 14 miles. Very tired. A boy, 8 years old, lost on the road, son of Brother Parker. Storm, thunder and lightning raged fearfully all night. Blew up part of our tent and wet all our clothes through. Lay all night in our wet clothes until morning with the water running under us in streams.

2ND JULY: Three of the Brethren started in search of the boy. Just returned but found no trace of him. Remained all day encamped. Went on the cattle guard at 10 o'clock.

3D JULY: Started at 5 o'clock and camped at 7¼, after a long and tedious journey of 25 miles. Some of the Brethren fainted on the road and were carried into camp in the ox-team. I nearly fainted myself from exhaustion, but plucked up courage and never let go the handcart. Several of the Sisters and children belonging to Captain Elsworth's company, having gone astray, there were some of the

Brethren sent out in search of them. Returned into camp at 4 o'clock in the morning with all those who were lost.

4TH JULY: Started at 6 o'clock and travelled 22 miles. Camped on Silver Creek. One of the brethren fainted (Continued on page 58)



Color Guards — FRONT!



Color Guard of James Dearmond Golliday Post of Kokomo, Indiana, unofficial champions of the Legion

VETERANS of the World War will never be able, as were their grandfathers, to tell their grandchildren of that time in the Argonne when the regimental Color Bearer, wounded and bleeding, staggered on at the head of the charge, inspiring his comrades to deeds of valor. Of course, the story may be told by some, but when it is told the old romancer will be careful to see that none but children are present. Why? Because in the war of twenty years ago the colors were never carried into combat, or even into the trenches. They were carefully cased and left at the rear echelon. Modern warfare had progressed to such plane that all the spark of dash, glamour and chivalry had been extinguished. War and battle had been made a tedious, dirty, ugly, muddy business where snipers were ever on the alert for any distinctive mark. The display of a battle flag would only invite destruction.

Regiments returning from active service in France, in Belgium, in Italy, in Russia, and other units mobilized for service on this side of the big water carried to their home stations, after demon-

bilization, their stands of colors to be reverently placed in armories and in museums. But they were not bullet shredded, tattered and torn as were the banners of the returning regiments of the Union and Confederate armies, who had pitted themselves against each other in the Civil War. None of the World War regimental flags were captured or lost in action, other than losses sustained in frequent moves from one station to another. The colors were handled by a few men specially designated for that duty, and the men who made up the rank and file saw their flag only as it was displayed at the Colonel's headquarters or on occasions of ceremony such as retreats, reviews and parades.

Now, twenty years after the United States became involved in the big war, and after years of parades at National Conventions of The American Legion the

like of which the nation has never before seen, the men of the Legion are awakening to the fact that, as a general rule, they know very little about the proper presentation of the colors and have started to do something about it. The Legion has come to the realization that while it has been preaching, teaching and pleading Americanism the Legionnaires themselves have been muddling along in parades and other public demonstrations, carrying their colors in a most haphazard manner. As a result of action taken at the May meeting of the National Executive Committee, beginning with the Big Parade up Fifth Avenue on next September 21st there will be some uniformity in





handling and presentation of the colors of the hundreds of posts.

This new program was brought to the attention of the national organization by James Dearmond Golliday Post, of Kokomo, Indiana. This post has for more than

five years boasted a crack Color Guard which attracted much attention at the Chicago National Convention, repeated at Miami, and was awarded high national honors at St. Louis and again at Cleveland. In fact, the Kokomo Guard now holds the unofficial National Color Guard Championship of all the Legion. At the New York gathering it will meet with guards from other Departments in the first national competition for first honors.

The Kokomo idea came into being as a result of the threat of a radical organization against the display of the Post's American flag in an Armistice Day parade. The Post responded to this threat by sending out a seven-man Color Guard, armed, well drilled and well trained, to head a marching column of six hundred and fifty determined Legionnaires. The colors were not molested, neither was the parade disturbed, but the incident suggested the importance of a

courtesies, drills, evolutions and what not.

Comrade Tull became an authority on the subject and as a matter of course sold the idea to his post. When the guard was organized, he became the Sergeant Commanding, and has held that rank through the years. At each appearance of the Kokomo Color Guard at National Conventions, clad in the scarlet uniform of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police and snappy in its drill and evolutions, Commander Tull received letters from all parts of the country asking for advice as to organization and management of a similar guard, for copies of the drill regulations, and for other information. These inquiries inevitably led to the conclusion that as so much interest in the maintenance of properly trained Color Guards had been shown, some recognition on a national scale should be provided. Indiana had adopted the Kokomo idea; the next job was to convince the National Executive Committee and the members of the National Trophies and Awards Committee.

In 1934, Glen R. Hillis, a Past Commander of James Dearmond Golliday Post and then serving as National Committeeman for the Department of Indiana—and who, at the same time, was a member of the crack Color Guard of his post—offered the Department of

in all parts of Indiana began to take notice and in their annual parades put their best Guards in the front. The parades were soon dressed up to a point never before attained.

When the National Executive Committee met at Indianapolis in May, members of Kokomo Post were there, backed by the Department of Indiana, to urge that their idea of a color guard competition be adopted officially as one of the events at the annual National Conventions. They were prepared to offer a trophy of appropriate design and artistic merit, the gift of Glen Hillis, whose Indiana trophy is one much sought after. The idea was adopted and the gift of the Hillis trophy accepted with thanks. The first competition for award of this trophy, which is now being cast and is said to be one of the very finest held in trust by the national organization to be awarded each



year, will be held during the Big Parade in New York.

Under the rules adopted and which have been sent out to all Departments, the competing Guards will be judged by



Trade School maintained and operated by Charles L. Baudry Post of Biloxi, Mississippi

well drilled guard to Maurice C. Tull, one of the most active members of James Dearmond Golliday Post. He at once began a long research into the amenities and etiquette of the flag and proper handling of the colors on ceremonial occasions; of compliments, traditions, salutes,

Indiana a fine trophy to be put in competition and to be awarded annually to the best Color Guard in the State. Posts

their performance in the parade, with definite rules of entry. A Color Guard, in order to be eligible to compete, shall consist of not less than four nor more than twenty Legionnaires in good standing, and each Guard shall carry a United States flag and an American Legion flag

properly guarded. Other appropriate flags may be carried but will not be taken into consideration in the judging. The grading will be based on deference and presentation of the colors, dignity, military bearing, mobility and precision, and general effect, with a maximum of twenty points under each classification.

In commenting on the purpose of the competition, Legionnaire Hillis said: "For many years we have had wonderful drum corps, bands, drill teams and marching units. We have dressed them magnificently and drilled them to a maximum of precision. But usually we have at the last minute just picked up some willing chap at random and told him to 'get in there and carry the flag.' These boys who have carried the flag have been and are fine, loyal Legionnaires. It has been our fault that they did not know how to do the job properly. We've seen them pass in Convention parades dipping the National Colors and failing to salute with the post flag. We've seen every kind of a salute from a rifle salute to a marching present arms. The Legion has simply been thoughtless about this important phase. Now and then along comes a Guard which knows its business and when it passes the reviewing stand it always gives us a thrill of pride."

There are a lot of small posts scattered about over the country who cannot afford to equip a big drum and bugle corps, band or drill team and send them to the National Convention to enter the national competitions. But they can



equip and drill a Color Guard. The rules of the contest are drafted in such way that the smallest post will have an equal chance to carry away the honors.

So, when the Big Parade moves up Fifth Avenue this coming autumn there will be Color Guards from every Department doing their very best to carry away the honors of the day and to win possession of the Hillis trophy for at least one year. James Dearmond Golliday Post's famous red coated outfit will be in line, commanded by Sergeant Tull, and when it executes eyes right at the reviewing stand it will be fighting to carry back to the home town of the donor the first award of the Glen R. Hillis trophy.

When the rules were being worked out



The new home of the Alabama Legion at Montgomery, an antebellum mansion where Jefferson Davis held meetings of his Cabinet

the Kokomo Guard suggested that it eliminate itself from the competition the first year. The National Trophies and Awards Committee felt otherwise. "If you think you are good enough to win," the post was told, "put your Guard on the line. You'll find some fine Guards representing other posts lined up right along with you. If you win your own trophy we'll be the first to hail you as champions. But—

"There'll be plenty of competition."

Trade School at Biloxi

KEEPING in step with the educational and youth activity program of the national organization of The American Legion, Charles L. Baudry Post at Biloxi, Mississippi, has established and is maintaining a trade school for boys between the ages of twelve and sixteen years. The school was organized on January 18, 1937, and after the first six months the splendid benefits arising from the project are becoming more and more apparent. Not only Charles L. Baudry Post members are thoroughly sold on the idea, but the community gen-

erally looks upon it as a worthy effort and a work that is being well done.

The school is under the direction of Norman Gundersen, assisted by Pete Aufdemorte. These two instructors have made the trade school classwork so interesting that a capacity number of fifty-two boys were enrolled for the first term, with other applications that could not be acted on favorably until vacancies occur; in fact the Biloxi Legion Trade School had at the end of the term a waiting list of forty-six youngsters.

The school is divided into two classes, the first unit meeting on Mondays and Fridays from seven to nine p. m., and the second on Wednesdays from seven to nine p. m., and Saturdays, two to four p. m., thus fixing the manual arts class hours at periods that do not interfere with regular school work or break in too heavily on the hours devoted to play and recreation.

Alabama Legion in New Home

FOR many years the Department of Alabama has been hoping for and striving to obtain a permanent home for



its headquarters. That hope has been realized in the purchase and occupancy of a fine old ante-bellum mansion in the heart of the city of Montgomery. There the Department Headquarters have been established and from the new Legion building Taylor Boyd, Department Commander, and Trotter Jones, Department Adjutant, direct the affairs of The American Legion in the old Cotton State.

The new home is not only most conveniently located and in easy touch with the business section of the city, but it is of such size as to furnish ample space for years to come. It is one of the older buildings in the first capital of the Southern Confederacy, and around it an aura of historic memory lingers. It was in this building, then a residence, that President Jefferson Davis held some of the meetings of his Cabinet in the formative days of the Confederate government. Even before and after that event the building was associated with social and official life in Montgomery.

Built in the days when houses were designed for comfortable living, with spacious, airy rooms, the building lent itself admirably to interior remodeling to be adapted to the needs of an organization such as the Legion. The exterior was not

touched, except for certain needed repairs, but, while preserving much of the fine workmanship of the original builders, the building was converted into attractive and convenient office rooms, with ample space for conference chambers and a general meeting place.

that the Arthur E. Dodson Post membership is composed of employees of the Dodson World Fair Shows and is constantly moving about from city to city about nine months of each year.

The post takes its name from a brother of the owners of the show, one of whom,



A Rolling Club House

MANY Legion posts have set up claims to distinction for a unique activity or possession, but Arthur E. Dodson Post, whose home port is East St. Louis, Illinois, is the only Legion post thus far to set up claim to a rolling clubhouse. It also claims to be the only post whose membership meets regularly, but rarely twice in succession in the same city or even in the same State. Be it known

Arthur E. Dodson Post rarely holds a meeting in its home port, East St. Louis, Illinois. Its club house is a converted circus van

Mel G. Dodson, was the first Post Commander. It is a duly chartered Legion unit under the jurisdiction and authority of the Department of Illinois, but it is a rare occasion when the post convenes in regular meeting on Illinois soil.

The Dodson brothers contributed a large circus van which has been converted into a neat, though somewhat cramped, club house. The walls are lined with pictures and Legion souvenirs gathered from many States, but the places of honor are held by the temporary charter issued under date of June 17, 1935, and signed by Frank N. Belgrano, Jr., National Commander, and Paul G. Armstrong, Department Commander. On the opposite wall hangs the permanent charter issued on July 15, 1936, signed by Ray Murphy, National Commander, and J. B. Murphy, Department Commander.

Arthur E. Dodson Post functions as a normal post of The American Legion and maintains a steady membership of about fifty. It has equipped itself with a stand of colors, the members wear their Legion caps with pride, and has a clubhouse which is conveyed from place to place under its own power or by train as a part of the show equipment. Charley Clark, bandmaster, is the present Post Commander.

The Legion (Continued on page 37)



National Commander Harry W. Colmery presenting FIDAC medal for peace efforts to President Ernest Hatch Wilkins of Oberlin College

By *John J. Noll* THEIR to REASON WHY



Mrs. Joseph H. Thompson, Interallied President of Fidac Auxiliary (second from right), with Count A. Van der Burch, President of Fidac, Rev. Robert J. White, American Vice-President, Mrs. Nathaniel Spear, Jr., of America, and General Dr. R. Gorecki, of Poland, Honorary President of Fidac

TO MAINTAIN, foster and develop that spirit of comradeship which manifested itself upon the battlefields of the World War and to use that comradeship in the cause of peace." Thus is stated officially the aims and purposes of the Women's Auxiliary of Fidac, but the American woman who this year serves as its Interallied President, Mrs. Joseph H. Thompson of Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, has a simpler way of expressing the purpose of this great international organization. She calls it a "peace and foreign relations, and friendly relations committee," and the program that has been developed since its inception well carries out her thought. And no one better could have been chosen to direct the destinies of such a "committee," because Mrs. Thompson is friendliness personified.

IN A recent issue of this magazine, Legionnaire Bernhard Ragner freshened our knowledge of Fidac, the Interallied Federation of Veterans of the World War, and gave us new insight into the aims of that organization and its seldom-publicized but most effective work in maintaining international peace. He told of minor but threatening international incidents in the old world that might have flamed into another world war had they not been amicably settled through sane, friendly

conferences between war veterans of the nations involved. Advocates of peace, the six million veterans of eleven Allied countries who comprise the membership of Fidac are far from being pacifists.

In addition to these six million men, more than two million women in those same Allied countries compose the Women's Auxiliary of Fidac. If veterans of war are interested in peace, the women of their families, forced to bear an equal if not greater burden during wartime, have an infinitely greater interest. Nor did he tell us about Mrs. Thompson who this year heads this international group of women. The honor bestowed upon Mrs. Thompson and through her upon The American Legion Auxiliary, the United States member organization in Fidac Auxiliary, was well earned.

Her interest in the Legion Auxiliary and in Fidac Auxiliary was naturally acquired. Colonel Joseph H. Thompson, her late husband, who had distinguished

himself as major and lieutenant colonel of the 110th Infantry, 28th Division, and had been awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor, the Croix de Guerre with Palm, the Cavalier Officielle of the Order of the Crown of Italy, and had been made a Chevalier of the French Légion d'Honneur, was one of the pioneers of the Legion. Before returning home from the A. E. F., he had attended the Paris Caucus at which the Legion was formed and at once became active in the organization. He likewise took an immediate interest in Fidac, after it was born in Paris on July 4, 1920, and served as a delegate representing the United States at every Fidac Congress until the time of his death in 1928.

MRS. THOMPSON became a member of the newly organized Auxiliary Unit of Beaver Falls (Pennsylvania) Post in 1922 and has since devoted most of her time to the work of the Auxiliary and of the Legion. For three consecutive years she served the Unit as President. Following Colonel Thompson's death, the name of the Post was changed to honor him. In 1929, Mrs. Thompson was again called to head the Unit of Colonel Joseph H. Thompson Post and was re-elected the following year. She served as County Council President of Beaver, Lawrence, Butler and Mercer Counties and in 1926

was elected President of the Department of Pennsylvania. Nationally she also gained recognition and during her term as National Historian, she compiled the first volume of The American Legion Auxiliary History.

With Colonel Joe, Mrs. Thompson had attended most of the Congresses of Fidac and in 1925, National President Mrs. O. D. Oliphant appointed her as one of our country's delegates to the organization meeting of the Women's Auxiliary of Fidac in Rome, Italy. Since that year, she has served as Fidac Auxiliary National Chairman of the Legion Auxiliary under every National President except two, and was elected United States Vice-President of the interallied organization for two successive terms, 1934-35 and 1935-36. Under her guidance, the Fidac program has grown to be one of the most popular activities in the Legion Auxiliary.

It was in Mrs. Thompson's hospitable home, Bonnie View, high in the hills above Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, that I got an insight to her enthusiasm for the organization which she leads this year. My visit

Vye Thompson. The greatness of the position does not confuse Mrs. Thompson in regard to the practical side of her job and Fidac Auxiliary can be assured it is getting a businesslike leadership this year.

As the Legion represents the World War veterans of our country in Fidac, so The American Legion Auxiliary takes its stand among the women's groups that comprise Fidac Auxiliary. The more than 420,000 women who are the Legion Auxiliary work closely with the women's organizations in France, Belgium, Great Britain, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Roumania, Italy, Greece and Portugal. The continuing Fidac work of our women's organization received commendation at the Congress in Warsaw last September, particular interest being expressed in the school program.

Mrs. Thompson told me what the women of America were doing in support

**The opening ceremonies of the
1936 Congress of Fidac and
Fidac Auxiliary in Pilsudski
Square, Warsaw, Poland**

and plays, to discussions and specially prepared talks about the nations with which we were associated during the World War. The program for a given year consists of a special study of the country in which the Fidac and Fidac Auxiliary Congresses for that year are held. Thus, Poland was the country studied during 1936, while this year Greece is receiving special attention as the Congresses will be held in Athens in September.

In communities where former nationals of the country under study are available, they are invited to join in the program—to display their native costumes, perform native dances and to tell of the customs of their native land. In other localities, the roles are assumed by members of the Auxiliary. Junior members of the Auxiliary are especially invited to participate in these programs. Through more complete knowledge of the lives and customs of peoples of foreign nations, the growing generation is better prepared to understand their problems and to offset movements leading to war.



with her followed a testimonial dinner given in her honor by four hundred of her friends and neighbors in Beaver Falls, under the auspices of Colonel Joseph H. Thompson Post of the Legion and its Auxiliary. She is appreciative of but not overwhelmed by the distinction that has come to her, and she told her story of the work of Fidac Auxiliary in the friendly, outspoken manner that one expects of
JULY, 1937

of Fidac's program for international friendship and peace. Special effort is directed toward effecting a more complete understanding of the customs and interests and national problems of all of the nations represented in Fidac Auxiliary. With mutual understanding, friction between the countries can be lessened.

Auxiliary Units through the country hold special meetings devoted to pageants

The public is invited to these Fidac meetings. To carry the program of international understanding to the youth not connected with the Legion and its Auxiliary, an essay contest is conducted each year in which all students of high schools and of schools of equal scholastic rating are invited to participate. The subject of the essay pertains to one of the activities of (Continued on page 41)

VICTORY WAY

THOUSANDS of Legionnaires will tread Victory Way when they visit New York City in September though the street is now again Park Avenue

FOR those tens of thousands of veterans who cleared through the Port of New York during the war, the visit to New York City in September for the Legion National Convention will in a sense be a home-coming. For those other thousands who sailed from other ports or didn't get started for the A. E. F. before the show ended, it will be a fulfillment of long-standing hopes.

But what a difference for those who are making a return visit! In 1917 and 1918, if a fellow was lucky—if his outfit wasn't quarantined for some disease or other, if his stay in Camp Upton or Dix or Mills or Merritt was of sufficient duration—he probably succeeded in getting a day's pass to the big city. If a pass didn't materialize, perhaps he got a glimpse of Manhattan's famous skyline either from the New Jersey shore of the Hudson River, where his troop train ended its journey, or from the ferry boat that carried him around the tip of Manhattan Island to Long Island City, where he entrained again for Mills or Upton.

This time, however, he will have a whole week, or as much longer as he elects, to look up the old haunts and to explore more fully the city at which he got only a passing glance. Broadway and its lights, the Statue of Liberty, the famous piers at Hoboken across the Hudson, and perhaps a trip to Coney Island,



School children staged a pageant in New York City to stimulate the sale of Fifth Liberty Loan bonds during May, 1919

that wartime oasis in the no-hard-drinks-for-soldiers desert. We recall our leave from Camp Mills. We beat it direct to Coney Island and, at the Brighton Beach baths, left the old O. D.'s in the bathhouse and, garbed in a bathing suit, stepped into a neighboring café where a guy could get a drink and no questions asked. Then, back in uniform, on to the big city and Broadway, and Fifth Avenue, up which the gang will parade again. How many followed that routine?

There's another famous Avenue the gang will want to see—Park Avenue, which was beginning to step out into high society about the time of the war. On its trek north from Thirty-third Street,

it gains the distinction of Pershing Square where it crosses Forty-second Street, and then does a run-around about the famous Grand Central Terminal and the New York Central Building which set athwart it.

The picture we show was taken in Park Avenue in the area the latter building now occupies, where the Avenue comes together again. The snapshot was taken by Legionnaire Charles P. Cushing of James W. Williams Post in Bangor, Maine—not to be confused with the Charles Phelps Cushing, official photographer with the Signal Corps in the A. E. F., whose photographs are used quite often to illustrate stories in this magazine. The Bangor Cushing tells us his

middle name is Pat.

Comrade Cushing had the thought—and a happy one—that the gang would like to see this picture because of the coming National Convention in New York City. In his letter, he says:

"The snapshot I am enclosing was taken on famous Park Avenue in New York City just above Grand Central Terminal. That stretch of the Avenue was called

'Victory Way' during the Fifth Liberty Loan campaign, known as the Victory Loan as it was floated following the Armistice—in May, 1919, to be exact. The picture shows a gay crowd of school children who took part in a pageant on a



stage erected across Victory Way. It will be noted the words 'Buy Victory' are spelled by the cards held by some of the youngsters.

"I took this picture and a number of others, myself, as I was enlisted in the U. S. Naval Reserves and was then stationed at the District Communication Headquarters of the Third Naval District, located at 44 Whitehall Street in downtown Manhattan. At the time I snapped them I was merely another of the crowd of people who gathered along the Avenue during the Liberty Loan campaign. Needless to say, the appearance of that well-known Avenue was somewhat changed during that period. Without doubt many Legionnaires will wander through the same thoroughfare in September."

WE'LL admit it's hard to believe—but we suppose the statement will have to be accepted at its face value. Henry R. Fleet, member of Lynn (Massachusetts) Post of the Legion, who lives at 11 Groveland Street in that city, contends that there was at least one camp in the A. E. F. that had a wrinkle-proof delouser! After reading that statement in Fleet's letter, we dug into our trunk, inspected the remains of our uniform and

Legion to Ring Liberty Bell on Fourth of July

For the first time in history, the Liberty Bell will be heard over the air as part of a Fourth of July program The American Legion will present over the coast-to-coast network of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

The program, which will be broadcast from Independence Hall where the Declaration of Independence was signed, will include an address by National Commander Colmery.

The time of the broadcast is 2 to 2:30 P. M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

I found the photographs which I am enclosing. These pictures were taken by me when stationed at Camp Genicart, near Bordeaux, from February to July, 1919, and since from three to ten thousand men went through the mill, or delouser, each day, and I saw its inside workings, I can say that Rennie was nearly right about that phase of service. I say 'nearly,' because the uniforms did not come out of our delouser stiff as a board and full of wrinkles at they apparently did at Brest.

"The trick was this: Instead of being rolled into bundles, uniforms were placed on hangers in a cart that was pushed into

so the old O. D.'s didn't look and feel like something the cat dragged in, after the cleaning.

"I had come to Camp Genicart as a member of the 17th Photo Section, Air Service, and was detailed to the delouser for a short job. As my section was under orders to sail, I was requested to transfer to the Medical Corps, which I did on March 26, 1919, and assigned as a sergeant to the medical examining room of the mill as photographer to take photos of skin diseases for medical record. My dark room and developing room were in a corner of the mill, covered with tar paper. There was no running water for washing prints or plates so I used the brook and bath-house nearby, with an old bacon can for a wash-box, weighted down with rocks and holes punched in the ends.

"The picture of the barber-shop of the mill, which plenty of veterans should remember, was taken sometime in April, 1919. After the men were deloused, they were asked if they had two bits or a franc. If they did, the inspecting officer reached for their hair. If it was over an inch and a half long or long enough to hold on to, the men were ordered to have it cut. A few of the barbers in the picture could do a fair job, but most of them used a comb and



could still detect wrinkles that had been acquired in the mill at Camp Pontanezen during May, 1919. The picture of the camp barber-shop, which is reproduced, came with other prints in the letter in which Fleet had this to say:

"Rud Rennie's article, 'Did It Really Happen?', in the February Monthly caused me to dig into my archives where

Next! A few of the tens of thousands of soldiers who passed through the Mill at Camp Genicart, en route home, are shown in the camp barber-shop early in 1919

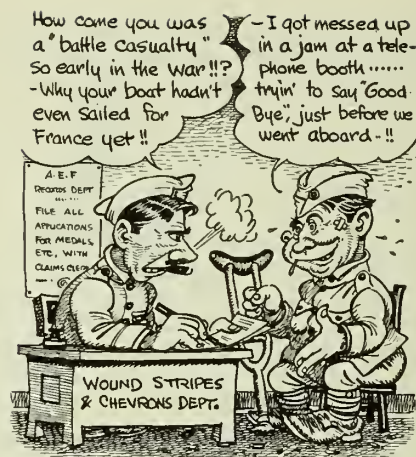
the delousing ovens. Dry heat was used instead of steam in killing the cooties and

wet brush. The fee was paid to the man sitting at the table at the right, and the soldier then passed out the door where he found the rest of his outfit waiting. Then he hunted for his new barracks in Camp No. 2.

"Later I was given an assignment to photograph some of the war brides who were sailing for the United States with

their new husbands. Part of the camp hospital had been turned over to the Red Cross for use as detention quarters, where a bride was held three weeks before sailing, and when possible was sent on the same transport as her husband. As a buck private didn't have many francs left, the Red Cross made a deal with the Army to photograph the women for their passports. I was given the job. A sheet hung on the stockade fence was used for a background. I can still hear some of them squawk 'Parbonne photographie,' when they got their pictures, but I used to tell them I couldn't make beauties of all of them. If some of those brides read this, they may want to have me shot at sunrise when they find that I'm still on earth."

the Cruiser and Transport Force a better play, also destroyers and sub-chaser boats—they all did hard work during the war." Then he goes on to tell about his service: "You made a good selection in picking the picture of the six-inch gun crew in action on the cruiser, U. S. S. *Minneapolis*, which acted as a convoy leader under the Cruiser and Transport Force of the late Admiral Gleaves. This picture was snapped with a Graflex camera at the instant of firing—you may note the shell in the air just over and ahead of the gun. Believe it or not! [Anyone see it?—Ed.] "We were at battle practice before leaving with a convoy and were firing armor-piercing shells which have a cap of soft metal on the nose to keep the



The six-inch gun crew of the U. S. S. *Minneapolis* at battle practice before leaving on convoy duty with the Cruiser and Transport Force during the war

IT SEEMS to be a case of goading the gobs to come across with pictures and stories for this department. We do receive a complaint every so often from a gob that the Navy isn't represented as he thinks it should be in these columns, but we pass the buck right back to the complainant and ask him to produce. We'll have to admit, though, that Joseph F. Smith of Navy Post of Los Angeles, California, stepped forward to represent his branch of the service without special invitation. He sent us a wad of wartime snapshots from which we selected the one displayed—the gun crew on the U. S. S. *Minneapolis*.

Comrade Smith, who refers to himself as "one of the silent service," was in the Navy from 1917 to 1921. In 1917 he started out as a seaman, in 1918 became a signalman, and then served his last three years with the rating of quartermaster. He now lives at 824 Golden Avenue, Los Angeles. Although claiming to be of the "silent service," his letter gives a different impression, as in it he says "Give

shell intact as it pierces thick metal. The gun crew consisted of a gun captain, in charge, (generally a gunner's or boatswain's mate), a pointer, trainer, sight-setter, trayman and first and second loaders, with the handling-room force below to send up shells and powder cases

ex-German collier, was used to carry all kinds of supplies to our bases in France, to fleet bases in England and to depots in Ireland.

"This picture should revive memories of service to thousands of gobs and soldiers alike. And, say, ask those torpedo-boat men based at Queenstown, Ireland, to send some pictures and tell us about their service. They had a tough grind and great experiences."

We like that spirit of acknowledging what another gang accomplished and here-with extend a special invitation to torpedo-boat veterans to do as Comrade Smith suggests.

WHEN in the May issue we used the pictures and story submitted by Legionnaire Theodore Duncan about the test flights of an airplane from the deck of the old U. S. S. *Pennsylvania* as early as January 18, 1911, we frankly thought we had a real "first" that would stand for all time. But not so, according to a letter that came from Charles N. Bentley of Norwichtown, Connecticut, who is still active in the U. S. Naval Reserve Forces. Below the cartoon is Bentley's contribution to the discussion:



which they received from the magazine.

"I was on the second crew of this gun for a time and also worked in the handling room. I also served on the U. S. S. *Newport News*, Navy cargo transport, that was formerly the *Odenwald*, a German ship. Also on the U. S. S. *Kilty* (No. 137), a destroyer. The *Odenwald*,

"Regarding the 'Early Birds of the Sea' as related in the May Monthly, I have this interesting comment to offer:

"November 14, 1910, the U. S. S. *Washington* arrived at Hampton Roads at about three P.M. en route to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, from Bremerton, Washington, (Continued on page 39)

AND NOW

The

3^D

A. E. F.

is WELCOMED

by

GLAMOROUS

ITALY



VENICE



ROME

*I*TALY offers you a welcome warm as the sun that lights her peerless skies. Hospitable hotels, swift transportation and modern conveniences assure comfort and relaxation while many new reductions and economy features lessen your costs amazingly, including tourist checks offering 100 Lire for \$4.75.

A constant round of brilliant social and sporting events; history, tradition, beauty, art and music await you.

For information and descriptive literature apply to

**ITALIAN TOURIST
INFORMATION OFFICE**

NEW YORK: Palazzo d'Italia,
626 Fifth Avenue

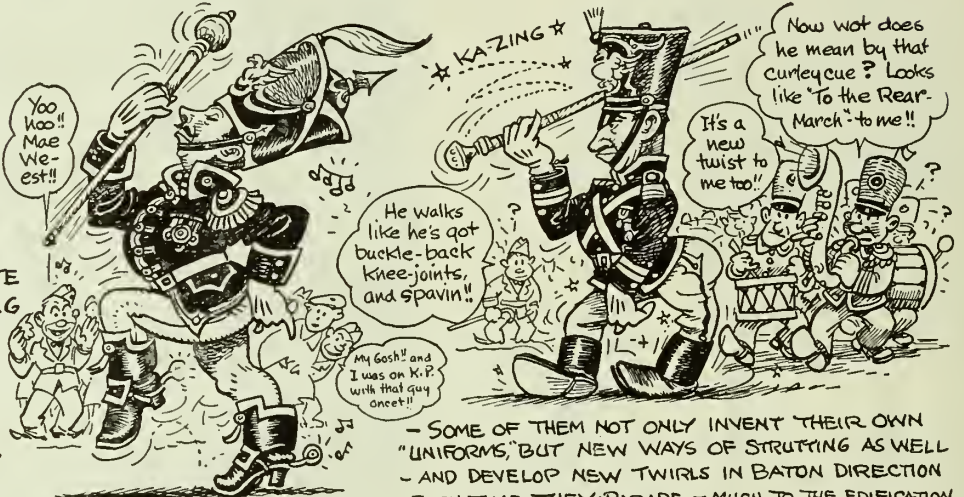
CHICAGO: 333 N. Michigan Ave. **SAN FRANCISCO:** 604 Montgomery St.

STRUTTING THEIR STUFF

Department Convention Parades Offer a Warm-Up for New York

By Wallgren

"THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A SOLDIER THAT IS FINE, FINE, FINE ♪♪!!"—ESPECIALLY ON PARADE—AND A LEADER OF THE BAND. YEAH MAN!! WHAT GORGEOUS CRITTERS THEY BE? THE DRUM MAJORS WE MEAN. THEY'LL BE STRUTTING THEIR STUFF SOON, AT THE STATE CONVENTIONS, ETC., WARMING UP TO "GET HOT" IN THE BIG 24 HOUR PARADE IN HL' OLE NEW YORK IN SEPTEMBER. THEY'LL BE THERE, BY THE HUNDREDS, IN ALL THEIR GLORY.



— SOME OF THEM NOT ONLY INVENT THEIR OWN "UNIFORMS," BUT NEW WAYS OF STRUTTING AS WELL — AND DEVELOP NEW TWIRLS IN BATON DIRECTION EACH TIME THEY PARADE — MUCH TO THE EDIFICATION OF THE CROWD, BUT CONFUSION TO THEIR CORPS .



— WHAT GETS US IS HOW THEY EVER LEARNED TO STRUT LIKE THIS IN THE FIRST PLACE — AND WHO IN ALL HECK DESIGNED THEIR "UNIFORMS!!" —

I'm glad I don't hafta march alongside that long legs almighty!!



— WHY DOES A GUY WITH PROPS LIKE THESE — INSIST ON EXHIBITING THEM IN COMPETITION WITH LIMBS LIKE THESE? — THOSE?



IT SEEMS THE TALLER THEY ARE THE TALLER THE HAT—AND THE SHORTER THEY ARE THE SHORTER...

AND, BUDDY—CAN THEM FEMALE LADY DRUM MAJORS STRUT-LE!!?

— AND TINKLE THAT OLE DRUM STICK LIKE NOBODY'S BUSINESS? —

— MORE AND MORE THE GALS IS FILLIN' IN THE RANKS (AND WHO ARE WE TO COMPLAIN—IF ANY?) THEY'LL BE CARRYING ON LONG AFTER WE'VE FALLEN OUT — THEM, AND THE "S.A.L."



— THE COMPETITION IS KEEN, BUT "ONCE A DRUM MAJOR, ALWAYS—" UNTIL THE OLD BATON BECOMES A CRUTCH...



— WATCH THESE LADS "SONS OF THE AMERICAN LEGION"—THEY'RE OUR PRIDE, AND JOY—MAKING OUR PARADES BIGGER AND BETTER EACH YEAR.

How's ABOUT IT? —

Victory Way

(Continued from page 36)

via the Straits of Magellan. At that time I was a gunner's mate, 3d class, and twenty years old. I kept a log during my first four years and by referring to the record, I quote:

"U. S. S. *Washington*, Nov. 14, 1910. Monday.

"Hampton Roads, Va.

"Daily routine: Drills A.M. and P.M.

"Arrived here at about 3:00 P.M. from Culebra Island, W. I., just in time to witness the flight of Mr. Ely's aeroplane from the deck of the Scout Cruiser *Birmingham*. It was O. K. Our crew gave him a lusty cheer. Weather cold and misty. Mother's birthday.'

"Incidentally, E. E. Spafford was gunnery officer on the *Washington* at the time.

"As I remember the flight, Ely's wheels just splashed the water. As a matter of 'firsts,' it was probably the first plane any of us had ever seen. Sorry that I have no photographs, but check with Past National Commander Edward E. Spafford for confirmation. And check with him on me, too, as he knew me well, I having worked on installation of new attachments on sixteen 6-inch guns during a journey of 14,000 miles, and he showed the fleet how to use them."

We didn't think it necessary to check with the Past National Commander, but we are surprised and disappointed that he didn't step forward with his version of that flight of November 14, 1910.

EVIDENTLY they'll all be there—the doughboys and gobs and gyrenes and nurses and yeomanettes and everyone else who served during the war, and lots of 'em will bring their families. Where? The Legion National Convention in New York City, September 20th to 23d. If reunion notices continue to pour in—meetings that comprise everything from a company to a whole division—we'll have to add a supplement to this magazine to publish all of them.

Not much time left to announce a reunion. When this issue reaches you, there'll be only the September issue in which you can suggest a meeting of the old gang. Advise us and we'll bulletin your reunion in this column. At the same time, report your proposed get-together to Major General John F. O'Ryan, Reunions Chairman of the National Convention Corporation, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, Suite 3112, New York City. Women's service groups should report to Miss Amy F. Patmore, Chairman of the Legion Women's Activities Committee, at the same address.

Details of the following national convention reunions in New York City may be obtained from the Legionnaires listed:

LEGION WOMEN—Reunion banquet and entertainment for all Legion women. Monday evening, Sept. 20. Amy F. Patmore, (Continued on page 62)

JULY, 1937



In this angry sea—

**AN OFFICER IS SHAVING
BELOW DECKS IN PERFECT SAFETY**

[An officer's wife wrote this unsolicited letter to us]

"Eight months ago, I gave a Schick as a gift to my husband, who is an officer in one of our American merchant ships. From the first day he used it, he has had nothing but unqualified praise for it.

"He had an unusually tough beard and tender skin, and, of course, the troubles of razor shaving are, with him, a thing of the past.

"What impressed me most is that so often in his letters he writes: 'It was so rough—we pitched and rolled—but it was as easy as ever to shave with my Schick, whereas I couldn't possibly have shaved with a razor this morning.'

"Another time the boilers were shut down for repairs and there was no hot water for shaving—which condition didn't bother him at all."

These astonishing Schick stories

Day after day we receive letters of the use of Schick Shavers under remarkable circumstances. A half-paralyzed man uses one. Blind men shave without danger. A man breaks his right arm and shaves with a Schick in his left. Two days after a dangerous major operation, the 60-year-old patient shaves himself. One Schick Shaver shaves 50 men on flood relief work for many days. Literally thousands of letters in our files tell these marvelous stories of the Schick Shaver.

What about you?

Are you still using old-fashioned methods of shaving? The Schick will give you quick, close shaves. You use no lather. It has no blades. You cannot cut or scrape yourself. And, in time, it gives you a new skin to replace the blade-calloused tissue of your face.

Go to a dealer today

Ask him to show you a Schick Shaver. Try it yourself. Buy one and use it for 30 days without using a blade and you will be enthusiastically convinced.



SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN. Western Distributor . . . Edises, Inc., San Francisco
In Canada . . . Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd., and other leading stores

SCHICK SHAVES

Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Dan Sowers



COMRADE John Dervin, of Philadelphia, sends the story of a small boy who was late for Sunday school. His teacher asked the cause.

"I was going fishing, but my daddy wouldn't let me," said the boy.

"You're lucky to have a fine father like that," said the teacher. "And I suppose he explained to you why you shouldn't go on Sunday."

"Yes, mam," replied the boy. "He said there wasn't enough bait for both of us."

THE adjutant of Isham A. Smith Post, Brownwood, Texas, sends along this story but modestly withholds his name. At a recent post meeting two comrades were boasting about their old outfits.

"Why, our company was so well drilled," said one, "that when we presented arms all you could hear was slap, slap, click."

"Pretty fair," said the other. "But when our company presented arms you could hear slap, slap, jingle."

"Jingle?" said the other. "What did that?"

"Oh, just our medals."

JOHN J. HALL, Vice Commander of Advertising Men's Post of New York City, tells about driving through up-state New York, and being held up by some men pushing an old model-T across the road. He noticed the car was in gear, and called to the man in the driver's seat:

"Why don't you put her in neutral?"

"Neutral, hell!" said the man. "I want to put her in the garage."

IT WAS the first day of school and a teacher was enrolling a group of six-year-olds when she came to one lad whose father had quite a reputation for swearing.

"And what's your name, my little man?" she asked.

"Freddie Smith."

"Do you know your a-b-c's?"

"Hell, no!" the boy replied. "I've only been here ten minutes."



THE men at the clubhouse of Danville (Virginia) Post were recalling the first jokes they ever heard. Hugh T. Williams, former chairman of the National Americanism Commission, claimed that the one which caused him to kick the side out of his cradle was the one about the hill country girl who married a lazy, trifling sort whose only known work had

been around a moonshine still. But she thought he was a good fellow; he was her man and she loved him, and was always anxious to find plausible excuses for his shortcomings.

One day when she was out at the chopping-block splitting wood a neighbor stopped to inquire why it was she who was working while her husband was on the porch picking the banjo.

"Well, you see," she said, "this axe handle don't fit Jim's hands."

A MAN had been convicted on circumstantial evidence. The conviction made him a violator of the habitual criminal statute, which carries a sentence of life imprisonment. In proving the prisoner's previous convictions, his record was placed before the court by the prosecutor and its examination revealed the man had been in prison at the time of the commission of the crime for which he had last been convicted.

"Good heavens, man!" exclaimed his attorney. "Why didn't you tell us this?"

"I thought it might prejudice the jury against me," he replied.



PAUL WEBB, Neodesha (Kansas) Legionnaire, offers the incident of the woman who went to the local office of an insurance agency and inquired of

the agent in charge:

"Do you sell fire insurance?"

"Certainly," replied the agent. "What property do you want covered?"

"No property; it's for my old man."

"Oh, what you want is life insurance."

"No, it isn't either," the woman insisted. "I want fire insurance. My old man has been fired from five different jobs in the last six weeks, and I want insurance against it."

LEGIONNAIRE Bill Phillips, of Princeton, West Virginia, passes along one about some good members of the Auxiliary talking about their husbands in that indulgent manner they are accustomed to use when on that subject.

"Frank is perfectly helpless without me," said one.

"Oliver is that way, too," said another. "I don't know what would become of him if I was away from him for a week."

"Isn't it a fact?" sighed a third. "Sometimes I think my husband is a child, the way I have to look after him. Why, whenever he is sewing on buttons, mending his clothes, or even darning his socks, I always have to thread the needle for him."



BUD HAFEY, who played on the Oakland, California, National Junior Baseball championship team, and who is now with the Pittsburgh Pirates

in the National League, tells this one about a wrestling match. One of the wrestlers was on his back, writhing and groaning with pain. He was in the helpless grip of a toe hold, and all he could do was shriek and groan. This had been going on for several minutes. There was a young lady in a ringside seat who began to grow faint as the groans of the wrestler grew louder and louder.

The other wrestler, peering through the ropes, noticed the woman's face going white.

"Quit crying, buddy," he said, still applying the toe hold with all his might. "There's a dame out front who can't take it."

A CANDIDATE for political office had inveigled himself an invitation to address a Legion post meeting on a non-political subject. There was a big attendance at the meeting, and toward the end of his discourse the candidate could not resist the temptation of making a plea for support. He declared he stood for this and that, and then said:

"Now, my friends, will you support me or will you support my opponent?"

"We will," came a chorus of loud replies.

"You will what?" asked the candidate.

"We will not!" they shouted back.

"Thank you, my friends," said the candidate. "I thought you would."

BACK in 1917 a father and his small son were on a train. Across the aisle were seated two soldiers. Pointing to one of them, the boy asked:

"Daddy, what's he goin' to do?"

"Capture the Kaiser," the father replied.

The little boy pondered the matter for a moment, and then asked:

"Well, what's the other one going to do?"



LITTLE Mary Lou had not been observing the proper table manners, and as a punishment she was made to eat her dinner at a little table in the corner

of the dining room. She was ignored by the rest of the family until they heard her saying grace:

"I thank thee, Lord, for preparing for me a table in the presence of mine enemies."

Theirs to Reason Why

(Continued from page 33)

Fidac and its Auxiliary, and is changed each year. Thousands of boys and girls submit essays in contests which originate through local Units of the Auxiliary. Winning essays are entered in Department elimination contests, the winners of which are considered for national honors. A scholarship in the amount of two hundred dollars is presented to the national winner, while lesser prizes are distributed by Units and Departments in the contests held within States.

The Congress in Warsaw, Poland, last September, at which Mrs. Thompson was elected Interallied President, was inspiring according to her report. It opened with a joint session of Fidac and Fidac Auxiliary. The flag of each of the eleven participating nations was raised while the national anthem was played, and at the same time a wreath was deposited upon the tomb of Poland's Unknown Soldier by a representative of each delegation.

The work of the women of Fidac Auxiliary in each country varies according to the needs of the country. In Poland, much welfare work is done for children and for the unemployed. Ninety-nine primary schools and twenty-four

secondary schools have been established, and gardens for children and libraries have also been provided. The women's section in Yugoslavia provided dowries for fifteen young women. In Roumania, the Fidac Essay Contest idea was adopted by the Ministry of Public Instruction after the contest had been conducted there for nine years. Special work for young people is being done in Czechoslovakia; in Portugal, the women provided clothing for women and children and distributed money among needy veterans.

The women of Fidac Auxiliary in England have a varied program, one principal feature of which is the extension of correspondence with American children in the interest of international friendship. Civic education for adults is sponsored by the groups in Belgium and sewing classes and educational centers have been established. France is stressing educational help to its juniors and assistance in obtaining employment for them. Scholarships have been provided at the Sorbonne, the noted French university, for several students.

In addition to furthering the established program of Fidac Auxiliary in

America, Mrs. Thompson has interested herself particularly this year in developing a greater exchange of letters and scrap books between American children and children of the various Allied countries. During the past year correspondence with Polish children increased greatly, to the interest of both groups.

When Mrs. Thompson sailed for France for the winter meeting of the Executive Committee of Fidac Auxiliary, she took with her fifty-two dolls which had been donated by the fifty-two Departments of the Legion Auxiliary. Each doll was dressed in a manner characteristic of the State that had furnished it. The dolls were displayed at a fete held in Paris to which each of the Allied groups had contributed products representative of its country. The funds that were derived from the sale of the dolls and other articles were distributed among the various Allied countries to be expended for the welfare of war orphans.

With more than eight million men and women and children in Fidac and Fidac Auxiliary continuing their work for international understanding and friendship and peace, there is still hope for this old world of ours.

KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS

"HE GAMBLLED ON TIRES..AND LOST!"

Read H. V. KALTENBORN'S
Version of What Happened to a
Beechurst, New York, Motorist

IT WAS nearing 2 P.M. The Whitestone Road was thick with a fast-moving stream of motorists. But Mr. Mitchell of Beechurst, New York, scarcely saw them. All he had were visions of an hour in the dentist's chair. He could almost hear the bz-zz-zz of the drill when, suddenly, he heard something he was least expecting—BANG! A blow-out! The right front tire collapsed. Mitchell sat helpless at the wheel. With a lunge, he grabbed for the emer-

gency brake. But it was too late. A telegraph pole put a stop to the wild ride, leaving Mr. Mitchell with a crumpled car bumper—bruised knees—and plenty of regrets.

H. V. KALTENBORN

Motorists seldom realize that when the accelerator goes down, the heat *inside* the tire goes up. But Goodrich engineers knew that this internal heat was the great unseen cause of high-speed blow-outs. That's why they developed the Golden Ply, found only in Silvertowns.

This Life-Saver Golden Ply is a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist the terrific *blowout-causing* heat generated *inside* all tires by today's high speeds. By resisting this *internal* tire heat the Golden Ply protects you against these dangerous high-speed blow-outs.

When you are urged to replace tread-worn tires with new safe tires stop at any Goodrich Silvertown Store or Goodrich dealer for a set of these life-saving Silvertowns. *It's better to be safe than sorry!*



H. V. KALTENBORN

Famous Editor, Commentator,
Lecturer and Author



Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown
With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

My Big Thrill of the 2d A.E.F.

(Continued from page 17)

State—they were ALL mine and they were ALL swell!—MRS. HAZEL S. TURNBAUGH, *Tulsa, Okla.*

\$25 Prize

A TEN-YEAR FRIENDSHIP

WE HAD been in Paris five hours. In our wanderings we drifted into "Auberge du Père Louis," became acquainted with a French army officer, Roger Adam, met his table guest Josephine Baker, the American actress, and the hit of the Folies Bergère.

The next day I heard "Challie, Challie!" Roger's voice from a sidewalk café. The following day "Challie, Challie!" above the shouts as the parade passed. One month later at Metz again "Challie, Challie!" from Roger. Ten years later the following:

Metz, le 17 Avril, 1937

Dear Friend Charlie: Received your good letter 15/4. Bravo, Charlie! You come back in France and very sincerely I can say I am very, very happy. It was good news and at home we are glad for five months until September. Ten years are passed away and I remember of the 1927 Parade in Paris as if it was yesterday. Do you remember the Restaurant "Auberge du Père Louis" where I see you the first time. We will see it again next parade.

I take my leaves in August but I shall go in Paris for the convent for meeting you. Since many ten years I did not speak English but I will learn it again and in Paris I will be your best interpreter. Write me soon and from my Parents and I our good thanks for your next visit. I am always a bachelor.

A friend happy, Roger Adam—

CHARLES R. YAUMAN, *Beaver Dam, Wisconsin.*

\$25 Prize

THE POPE AND THE BOY

AFTER the Paris Convention, I traveled through Italy with a fellow Legionnaire, arriving in Rome on September 28th. After breakfast we set out to see the sights. An Italian boy of fifteen offered to act as our guide, showing us many places of interest. While sightseeing, we came upon the Legion Good-Will Commission, consisting of about 300 Legionnaires and headed by National Commander Savage.

We were admitted to the Vatican about two o'clock and taken to Consistory Hall where Monsignor Breslin of the American College in Rome instructed us what to do. Pope Pius entered and after greeting the Legion officials, made the rounds with Monsignor Breslin, offering his hand to anyone wishing to kiss it. When

he reached me and passed on to the boy who had acted as my guide, he asked in Italian: "But this boy didn't go to war, did he?" Monsignor Breslin asked the boy in English how old he was, and I replied that he was Italian and did not understand English. The Pope understood and smiling he said to the boy: "Oh, so you are Italian! Roman?" "No, Sicilian," replied the boy. And the Pope, patting the boy's head a couple of times said "Bravo, Bravo," and moved on to the next person.—DOMINICK BERONIO, *Bound Brook, New Jersey.*

\$25 Prize

THE DIARY ENTRY

TO ME the outstanding experience of the 1927 pilgrimage was the big Legion Parade in Paris. In my diary I wrote of it:

"The Parisians waved, they threw kisses, they laughed and wept and shouted until they were hoarse, 'Vive L'Amérique!' And back we waved and laughed and shouted in return.

"A little old white-haired lady, fluttering a frantic handkerchief from the sidelines, cried, 'Bon Texas! Vive L'Texas!' and danced on tiptoes with excitement.

"Mothers lifted wide-eyed children above the heads of the crowds that they might see. Gendarmes in their blue, shoulder-caped uniforms, mounted officers, and solid rows of energetic *poilus* held back the surging, cheering throngs.

"What a unique thing, this 'Second A. E. F.!' Our children will read of it in school in years to come—of how, on the 19th of September, 1927, the chains of the Triumphal Arch in Paris, were for the second time unlocked; Americans marched through while all Paris looked on and cheered. I thrilled to the drama of it—to the glorious evidence of friendship between two great countries—and I said to myself, 'I'm one of the 30,000 marching in this parade; I'm helping to make history today!'"—BETH ROBERTSON, *Mineral Wells, Texas.*

\$25 Prize

LE PERE MENNE'S MESSAGE

AS A Second A. E. F.er I went in old A. O. D.'s to the French veterans' dinner at the Invalides. Fortune seated me near an awe-inspiringly-dressed, white-robed Dominican decorated with every known French medal. He had won them as an infantry private. A constant stream of French soldiers sought his autograph.

From soup to nuts, camaraderie reigned. The Dominican beckoned me to move opposite him. He asked could he find a room at my hotel—go there with

me—and—see me alone? Embarrassed, I mentioned not being a Catholic. "We are veterans," he said, smiling, and took my arm for me to lead.

A lane of Republican Guards presented sabres as this strange pair walked toward the great iron gates. I was scared stiff!

Metro train passengers stood up when he entered and even the crowded hotel found accommodations for him instantly.

Settled in his room, he pursued enlightening conversation and then:

"I came a great distance wishing to accomplish this. Unfortunate newspaper impressions to the contrary, the hearts of the French people are filled with true and undying gratitude for America's sacrificing help. We love you for it. I have chosen you to tell this to your comrades and countrymen."

Startling me, the great Le Père Menne clutched me to his breast and kissed me full on the lips to seal my mission.

It's a difficult story, buddies!—WALTER G. "POP" ROEDER, *Scarsdale, New York.*

\$25 Prize

WHERE SLEEP THE BRAVE

TEN years ago the second A.E.F. visited the cemeteries in France where our Buddies sleep their last sleep in the peace and quiet we can't hope to find in our cemeteries, where roads lead by with their never ending noises day and night; and it was at one of these, the Meuse-Argonne at Romagne, that the unforgettable drama or thrill occurred.

I stood dreaming on the stoop of the caretaker's lodge on a knoll overlooking this beautiful cemetery where lie 11,000 of our Buddies. I couldn't help thinking that but for the Grace of God, I would be sleeping here also, when suddenly a tiny bird flew across the cemetery chirping as it flew, as if in salute. I snapped out of it, a lump arose in my throat, my eyes filled, and it's been the same each time I think of that tiny bird saluting as it passed over our Buddies.—REINHART SCHROEDER, *Cleveland, Ohio.*

\$25 Prize

WON'T MISS THIS TIME

ON A stifling hot day back in August, 1919, I stepped down off a train in Mason City, Iowa. The war was over for me—but not my fight. My problem was how to make a living. A maimed leg suffered in a truck explosion at Chalons precluded a return to my pre-war occupation, professional baseball. I took the job closest at hand. I started shining shoes. I'm still shining shoes.

Nineteen twenty-four was an important year in my life. First, I was married.

Second, I attended the national convention of The American Legion. There I learned that our organization had been invited to hold its 1927 convention in Paris. I resolved to make the trip.

Straightway I began saving \$5 a week out of my not over-large income from shoe-shining. Came May, 1927, and one of the toughest decisions I ever faced. The house in which we had been living was sold. We had to move and the only house available was through purchase. My dilemma was: Paris or a home for my family. And I don't need to tell you which won. My dreams of a return to France were shattered.

It was pretty tough, believe me. But now I'm glad it happened just as it did. I'm not going to miss this time!—**TYLER STEWART**, *Mason City, Iowa.*

\$10 Prize
ALL GOD'S CHILDREN

I WAS a member of the Commander's Tour of 1927 which visited most of the Allied countries after the convention in Paris, headed by Past National Commander Howard P. Savage.

One of our first duties upon arriving in a new country was to decorate the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier of that country.

It was the first day of the Jewish New Year when we landed at Pisa, Italy, and were received by King Victor Emmanuel, who was sojourning at one of the summer palaces.

I was disturbed because I could find no synagogue and it would be the first time in my life I had ever missed these services. Members of our party discovered my plight and informed Father Wolfe, who was then National Chaplain of the Legion. The good father was willing to oblige, but said he had no prayer book. A Protestant minister overheard him and offered to lend him one. They informed me of their willingness to assist. Imagine—a Catholic priest holding services for a Jew with the Protestant minister's prayerbook!—**BEN W. BARNETT**, *Helena, Montana.*

\$10 Prize
THEY STAYED TO CHEER

MY MOST unforgettable experience of the Legion Convention in Paris occurred during the Parade Day.

As I did not march, due to an accident, I mingled amongst the crowd, which at that particular place seemed to be composed of the working element. Understanding French, the remarks passed were not complimentary to us Americans. It seemed that they were displeased over the Sacco-Vanzetti affair in our country, and that we were persecuting them. Their attitude was cynical and they were ready to jeer the Americans marching.

Then from a distance came the blare of music, the sound of drums, nearer and nearer, snappy (*Continued on page 44*)

**SO COOLING
WHEN YOU SAY
PABST—**

When the sun beats down, Pabst is a satisfying all day companion. Here's a beer you can depend upon—a beer that has its refreshment, purity and wholesomeness brewed into it by ninety-three years of experience.

At work—at mealtime—or at play—there's a heap of cooling comfort ready for you the moment you pour yourself a delicious drink of Pabst from the famous TapaCan or handy new style bottle.

© 1937, Premier-Pabst Sales Co., Chicago



My Big Thrill of the 2d A.E.F.

(Continued from page 43)

American tunes, setting one's nerves tingling and pulse racing. Then our massed colors, which seemed never to end, followed up by our various units from different States, in multi-colored uniforms, all blending to make a kaleidoscope of beauty.

As if spontaneously, a roar of cheers broke from the people around me. "Vive L'Amérique," they yelled frenziedly. Gone was their cynicism. Joy was in their faces instead, just as in the old days.

Was I proud! Was I thrilled! To me, then, to be an American and Legionnaire was the greatest privilege on earth. —LOUIS BLUM, *San Francisco, California.*

\$10 Prize

TOGETHER THIS TIME

I DIDN'T make the 1927 tour—my wife did!

No, I'm not exactly henpecked—several conditions entered into this mutual arrangement.

Young members of the family had to be cared for on this side; the "job" could not be safely left on its own long enough; but the reason was that that trip to the wife meant going HOME, for she was a French girl who picked me for her mate in 1918, and her parents were still living in the old home, fifty miles east of Paris, in the Marne country.

Those parents are now ten years older and we—the Captain and the Mate—are going to see them—together; to live again some of the old experiences—and travel again the 1917-18 trails.—ALBERT E. FLETCHER, *Sardis, Mississippi.*

\$10 Prize

THEY TORE UP THE CHECK

MY WIFE and I, accompanied by another couple, reached Italy before the Convention. After a trip over the Amalfi Drive, Sorrento and Isle of Capri, we returned to Naples in the evening and decided to have a real Italian meal in one of the open native cafés on the wharves. The waiter knew neither French, German nor English and we knew nothing of Italian. With the aid of a pocket dictionary we pointed to the foods desired and part of our meal was fish which was quoted at nine lire per order. We enjoyed the food but when the bill came we were charged 20 lire per fish order. The waiter, the head waiter, the chef, the proprietor, the hundred or so other guests could not explain the overcharge. Feeling gay and brave, I offered the proper amount and refused to pay the overcharge. The duo opera dressed carabinieri were called. They gave no help.

The place was in commotion, when behold, a "black shirt" (Mussolini's best)

with rifle pushed in. I saw his war medal. I flashed the special Legion passport. He yelled in Italian, "The American Legion." The crowd took up the yell, the orchestra played The Star Spangled Banner, the proprietor tore up the bills and champagne flowed freely.

During the festivities I asked the "Black Shirt," who spoke French, why I was overcharged. He stated that the menu nine lire fish was six inches long and that the fish that was served us was fourteen inches long. —BERNARD L. GORFINKLE, *Boston, Massachusetts.*

\$10 Prize

AT HIS FATHER'S GRAVE

THE thing that got me was a little startled, blue eyed boy by a cross.

We had gone on a pilgrimage to one of the cemeteries. The trip was routine and for a convention trip it was flat. I was well bored when the empty ceremony was over. I had expected too much and was downright disgusted with the whole thing. I walked off alone to cuss myself and to catch up with life again.

I drifted out past roadways and shrubbery off into a sort of detached sector of ground. When I came to I was looking at a little boy eight or nine years old who, disturbed and startled, was rising from before a cross. He held three or four flowers in his hand. He was ill-at-ease and I was embarrassed that I had broken in upon his sacred moment. I looked and was sure I had seen that bright face before. I read the name on the cross, "Lt. Maynard Strand."

My boy is named "Maynard" for Strand, with whom I soldiered in the Presidio, San Francisco, California. Strand left for France. I never heard of him again until I met his baby at the foot of the cross above his grave over there.—M. B. HARRIS, *Stamford, Texas.*

\$10 Prize

THEY FINALLY MET

THE greatest thrill I experienced in the Second A. E. F. came during the tabulation of the ballots for National Commander. My name was called from the stage of the great Trocadero Opera House and I was handed a telegram. With trembling hands I opened it:

HEARD FROM FATHER YOU
ARE IN PARIS STOP CAN YOU
COME TO ANTWERP STOP
SAILING IN TWO DAYS STOP
YOUR BROTHER OSCAR.

The reason this message gave me such a thrill was because I had never seen my brother. He had left our home in Norway before I was born and had gone to sea.

He was never home until after I had

gone to America.

We spent two happy days together at Antwerp relating our life history to each other. My brother had started out as a deck boy at the age of thirteen and worked his way up to the rank of captain. During the war he had three ships torpedoed from under him so he also served, although under a neutral flag.—ARNE K. HOVIND, *Souris, North Dakota.*

\$10 Prize

"I WAS EMBARRASSED"

DAMAN-FEMME—two little words—but what a welcome sign and what a memory of my 1927 pilgrimage.

In the station at Brussels, Belgium, awaiting the Paris train, I spied the sign "Daman-Femme." A nod from my better-half assured me I had guessed right. Opening the door of my choice, some clattering soul approached me, using her hands simultaneously and giving the appearance of fighting bees. I stood in awe. Finally I realized she wanted a tip. Rushing outside, I located my husband. After explaining my predicament he placed a franc in my hand.

Seeing the coin, the attendant greeted me as a long lost friend. She ushered me to the end of the line, opened the door and vigorously polished the interior of her sanctuary. After a few moments, when I stirred, she opened the door and became attentive again. I thought, would my whole trip be as confusing? After the final brushing I rushed upstairs and told my impatient husband all I had gotten for the coin. He explained it was only a franc, worth about seven cents. "Heavens," I said, "I'm glad I didn't give her a quarter."—MRS. JOE JOFFE, *Yellowstone Park, Wyoming.*

\$10 Prize

A VOICE IN THE CROWD

CAPTAIN Louis Nutter of Company D, 18th Engineers, Ry., was learning to be a captain when I was learning to be a private. A captain has to learn to bawl out a private, and the first private a captain gets his eye on is the tallest one.

Louis practiced on me—"Hey you, Jones, stop walking on your own feet." "Hi there, Jones, is everybody out of step but you?" I knew his voice well. I would know it now. That was 1917.

On the grand boulevards of Paris, Sunday night before the 1927 convention opened, everybody and his best girl was out for a promenade. Private Jones was pilot to Mrs. Jones in this throng, and injecting occasional explanations of how Private Jones won the war. The boulevards were crowded.

In this melee came the old, familiar

voice, "Hi there, Jones, you long-gear'd so-and-so, have you forgotten how to salute?"

Yes sir, the skipper himself.—R. S. JONES, *Larchmont, New York.*

\$10 Prize

A PRISONER IN GERMANY

"IT'S a Long Way to Berlin But We'll Get There"—that was our theme song in 1918. The army transport seemed to inch its way going over. Then the war ended and home thoughts supplanted dreams of conquest. I would visit Germany—in the future!

Legionnaires attending the Legion convention in Paris were issued a "Certificate" instead of a United States passport. Port officials refused to permit my departure, insisting that my pseudo-passport was illegal. Finally, Washington gave official sanction and I embarked—no World War zig-zagging this time! Land Ho! Germany! Bremerhaven!

We forge up the harbor! The engines stop! The gangplank scraped ground! I am the first holder of a "Certificate" to reach Europe. Passport inspection! A stern-faced official seized my "Certificate." I was under arrest!

My guards delivered me to the kommandant. The words "Second American Expeditionary Force" printed on the "Certificate" burned to his gaze! I quailed with misgivings!

An acon passed before Berlin was informed. Immediately my "Certificate" was validated and my release ordered. With many apologies I was freed! Foes became friends! The war was over!—J. EDWARD RADLEY, *Peoria, Illinois.*

\$10 Prize

AID FOR THE LIVING

THAT visit to Paris, the privilege of treading again those battle plains and standing uncovered where fallen comrades sleep can never be forgotten.

But to see a comrade die, is different! The *Pennland* steaming westward carried her burden of weary pilgrims homeward. To celebrate that homecoming all on board were joyously anticipating a dance on the eve of landing. There was no dance! A comrade was stricken suddenly. George Carson went to pitch his tent "On Faine's Eternal Camping Ground."

In Charlotte, North Carolina a widow and her orphaned children waited, *waited*, WAITED in vain. He would not come!

Dinner found a group of Legionnaires passing through the dining halls to gather what wounded hearts prompted depleted pocket-books to yield. An eight-hundred-dollar token of comradeship went to cheer that stricken southern home.

I am happy to have had a share in that giving, for we honor *our* dead by what we do for *their* living.—HARRY O. ROGERS, *Keyser, West Virginia.*



**SHE MUST HAVE GOOD
TELEPHONE APPARATUS
TO GIVE YOU GOOD
SERVICE . . . BELL SYSTEM
SERVICE IS BASED ON
*
Western Electric QUALITY.**

* Makers of Bell telephone apparatus
for more than 50 years.





**Full Size Professional
ARC
WELDER**

Don't get into something next! Big steady profits sure with Aladdin—world's lowest-priced, full-size, heavy duty Electric Arc Welder. Retail only \$39.25 with De Luxe Accessories. Has efficiency of equipment costing \$145.00 and more. Uses standard coated or shielded welding rods, welds everything from heavy castings to light sheet metal. Fully guaranteed. Used by big companies, U. S. Gov't, etc. Works from 110 or 220 Volt A. C. Socket. Costs only few pennies an hour to use. Comes complete with helmet, welding rods, leads, tongs, etc. Nothing else to buy. Full instructions included.


BIG MARKET—BIG PROFITS: Breathing low price and GUARANTEE sell Aladdin on sight to garages, shops, factories, etc. Write or wire NOW for details, sent FREE.

COMMONWEALTH MFG. CORP.
4208 Davis Lane, Dept. X-4, Cincinnati, O.



Only
\$39.25
With Deluxe
ACCESSORIES

WORK FOR THE



GOVERNMENT

Start \$1260 TO \$2100 YEAR

9660 Veterans appointed last fiscal year.
YOU GET PREFERENCE
Mail coupon today SURE.

COUPON
Name _____
Address _____

—FRANKLIN INSTITUTE—
Dept. E-181, Rochester, N. Y.
Sirs: Rush without charge, (1) 32-page book with list of U. S. Government Jobs. (2) Tell me how to get one of these jobs. Describe preference to Ex Service Men.

The Kids Roll Their Own

(Continued from page 23)

in ready-made form, wheels, bearings, tires and steering wheels. Any car showing evidence of professional help is not permitted to race.

The local races get under way about the first of July, and local finals are run off four or five weeks later. The national finals will be run again in Akron on August 15th, this year. Nearly 150,000 boys entered the local contests in the 117 cities last year. For physical reasons the national derby will be limited to 120 entrants this year, and that will be the number of cities competing.

James S. Schlemmer, sports editor of the *Akron Beacon Journal*, is in charge of arrangements for the national races in Akron. "Big Jim" is an enthusiast for boys' work and citizenship development, and has long been active in midget football tourneys, and in charge of boxing tournaments for the Department of Ohio, The American Legion. He can wax eloquent about what the Soapbox Derby is doing to build character and good sportsmanship in boys, which he will tell you is a basic fundamental of good citizenship. He points out examples of sportsmanship behind the wheel in the way of care for other drivers' safety—a mighty good lesson for grown-up automobile drivers to learn. Car driving is becoming an almost universal art, and these races school the boys in driving skill. He says school officials testify to the benefits accruing to the boy in hand-training, use of tools and mechanical skill.

Schlemmer delights in the work of preparing for the comfort and entertainment of his charges when they arrive in Akron for the big event. The sponsor of each contestant notifies him of the time of the boy's arrival and way of transportation. And whether he comes by train, plane or car, he is met by a brass band, police es-

cort and a welcoming committee of dignitaries who escort him to Derby headquarters. And speaking of bands, when the 15th of August rolls around this year no less than twenty-one bands headed by the United States Marine Band will be on hand to furnish music.

Schlemmer is loud in his praise of The American Legion where it has given aid in furnishing man power to police the crowds, act as color guards, track officials, and to serve on the many committees necessary to properly conduct the races all over the country. In some towns it has been found that all the guard necessary to protect the race courses has been a line of uniformed Legionnaires on each side of the track, as people of many communities have come to look upon the Legion as quasi-official authority wherever crowds are assembled.

While Schlemmer thinks the greatest prize to be won by any boy in these contests is the satisfaction of having been right with himself and considerate of the other fellow, he glows when he tells you of the hundreds of prizes given local winners, with the opportunity of a grand trip to the national finals, and the valuable awards given those who reach the finals. The grand prize to the national champion is a \$2000 scholarship for four years in the state college or state university of his selection. The second prize is a de luxe master coach of a popular automobile, and the third prize is a standard coach of the same make. Each competitor in the national event receives a 17-jewel gold wrist watch, and scores of other valuable prizes are awarded for special features.

Many human interest stories are told about the youthful drivers. The boy who attracted most attention at Derby Downs last year was little 13-year old Tommy Howard, who carried the colors of the

Atlanta *Constitution*. He insisted on driving barefoot, saying, "Ah just can't work mah brakes unless I can get the feel of 'em with mah toes." Tommy was allowed to drive without shoes, and placed in the finals.

In one city a boy had some ideas of comfort that should be incorporated in a racing car. It was a rather disastrous one and hard on wearing apparel, for the lad upholstered his car with cuttings he took from his sister's fur coat.

Lima (Ohio) Post of The American Legion is the only Post to have sponsored the Soapbox Derby in a local run off. Last year the activity was under the direction of Post Commander Harry R. Meredith and sixty-four entrants raced in the finals before a crowd of over ten thousand persons. Robert Richards, who placed fifth in the All-American Derby, at Akron, was the winner. An incident in the Lima races bears evidence of the good sportsmanship prevailing among the boy racers. A dog ran on the track in front of Richards, upsetting his car, breaking a wheel and skinning his face. A boy already eliminated in a previous heat lent him a wheel from his car to enable him to finish the race. Lima Post is again sponsoring the Derby this year.

Official recognition of the All-American Soapbox Derby by the National Americanism Commission of the Legion was given at its meeting last November, when it adopted the following resolution:

"The Commission, having observed the operation and mechanics of the All-American Soapbox Derby, and having noted its value in the field of constructive youth activities, recommends the same as a meritorious project in which The American Legion will find an opportunity to serve a youth not heretofore reached by our program."

Health—in a Big Way

(Continued from page 15)

history of veteran welfare. Under the rules of the camp all veterans are admissible who come within the following categories: Arrested tubercular cases, chronic bronchitis, heart disease, post-operative cases, anemia, general debility and nervous diseases; indeed any type of convalescent is accepted, except those of a contagious, infectious or communicable character, or persons suffering from severe mental breakdown.

Procedure for admittance: The applicant, who must be an honorably discharged veteran of the World War, and a New York State resident, must establish by means of a doctor's certificate that he

needs convalescence, rest and recuperation; then a Legion official in the applicant's home town must certify that the veteran cannot pay for his care. These rules are enforced with a degree of tolerance. For instance, New York State residence is not mandatory, but obviously the camp is operated mainly for residents of New York, since it is supported by the Legion of that State. However, there have been cases, when the veteran's condition warranted, and space permitted, that men from adjacent States were admitted. The stipulation about inability to pay is included because the care is given wholly without obligation, and the camp

has no present facilities for pay patients.

On arrival at the camp, the patient is examined by the camp physician, Dr. Glenwood M. DeLisser, of Tupper Lake. After being admitted, the veteran is assigned to quarters in the infirmary area, where he finds himself surrounded by all the forces conducive to a sound and steady recuperation. Nature, plus wholesome food, abundant rest, and such medical care as may be needed, form an irresistible combination in bringing the patient back to health. The infirmary staff comprises the doctor, nurse, cook and kitchen staff, and clerk—all of whom work in unison with the sole aim of help-

ing the patients, mentally and physically.

But of course, nature does the main job. Clear mountain air, the relaxing beauty of superb scenery, a complete release from all responsibilities—these are the camp's greatest gifts to the convalescents. Rules and discipline are reduced to a minimum.

The stories of men who have been restored by a stay at Tupper Lake would fill a book. Let me cite just a few. . . . A—was a civil engineer who collapsed due to overwork and found himself on sick leave with no pay; three months at the camp in 1930 brought him back to normal, and since then he has had a brilliant career in his profession. . . . B—was a depression case of an unusual sort; an executive in the CWA, he came up "just for a rest," feeling very exhausted; examination by the camp physician established that he had lung trouble, so he stayed an entire year, sleeping through an Adirondack winter on an open porch at the camp superintendent's home. He went home the following summer, restored to moderately good health.

Oddest of all, perhaps, because it shows the irony of things is the case of C—, a professional man from Westchester and an active Legionnaire who spent a vacation at the camp in 1931. This veteran was so impressed with what the camp was doing for convalescents that he became an ardent supporter and led a drive in his post for funds to aid the organization. A

few years later, the camp superintendent was startled to learn that this man needed aid—the depression had stripped him of job, funds, health. Thus the benefactor became the beneficiary. The welcome *he* got at the camp may be imagined! He was badly run down but came back splendidly after a full summer's rest.

These, however, are the civil life cases—and the lighter part of the story. What price glory to those war victims—the nervous neurasthenics, the gassed, etc.—who are frequently being admitted? These represent the camp's most difficult task, and the task to which, beyond all, the institution is dedicated. Difficult, because usually the ailments can only be relieved, not cured. For these "the war will never be over." . . . D—was a machine gunner who had been gassed. After years of pain which defied medical diagnosis, doctors found he had an ulcer. Restricted life and careful diet were essential.

He arrived at camp, morose and discouraged. His mental attitude proved a problem—until one day he took a notion to go fishing. That was the turning-point. Soon after, he caught a 15½-lb. pickerel—a record catch for Tupper Lake and it won him a prize from the town's Rod & Gun Club. Returning home, happier and heavier—he had been underweight since the war—he wrote back to the doctor that "memories of that fish and my stay at the camp cheer me every time the pain comes

back." His letter carried a postscript: "When I go to Heaven I'll ask St. Peter for a fishing-rod instead of a harp!"

Life for the patients at Tupper Lake is both interesting and varied. Often they organize minstrel shows and other performances, these being staged in the camp chapel which does service as an auditorium; there also the latest movies are shown weekly. Both vacationists and patients foregather at such events, the respective groups occupying separate divisions of the auditorium.

On this score, it should be noted that the line of demarcation between the recreation area and the infirmary area is quite sharply drawn, to the obvious advantage of both divisions. One of the camp's few rules is the stipulation that convalescents must not visit the recreation area.

The vacation area needs no high-pressure salesman. Thoroughly up-to-date in every particular, with swimming, boating, fishing and tennis facilities, it is deservedly popular among veterans and their families—the 1936 season set an all-time record when 1095 vacationists spent holidays there. This rushing business netted the camp \$5673, which paid for improvements and alterations in the infirmary area.

Behind the story of the camp itself there is another story—that of the loyal Legionnaires who have guided its growth through the years. (*Continued on page 48*)

When You Come to the Convention in New York . . .

**THINK
BEFORE YOU
DRINK**

Say

Seagram's

AND BE SURE!

Fine Whiskies Since 1857

Seagram-Distillers Corp.—Executive Offices: New York

Health—in a Big Way

(Continued from page 47)

In the history of the administration a few names are paramount. Dr. James T. Harrington, president of the corporation from 1927 to 1930 greatly aided in extending the camp's usefulness, and after him came the redoubtable Jack Bennett (Hon. John J. Bennett, Attorney General of the State of New York, to give him his full title). Jack Bennett has done a yeoman job in spreading the gospel of the camp and widening its influence. During his years as corporation president he has thrown himself into camp administration with a zest born of deep-rooted attachment for the disabled and a long-standing interest in rehabilitation.

And last, but far from least, there's Joe Burns. For the record, Joseph A. Burns, camp superintendent. What about Joe? Well, let us say, first, that it's a case of a perfect blend of man and job. Joe

knows all about taking care of infirm veterans; he ought to—he was one himself for fifteen months. That story goes back to 1923. While he was holding the post of Assistant State Adjutant of the Legion in New York (then equivalent to full adjutantship) Joe became ill and doctors diagnosed it as lung trouble. Then followed a heart-breaking round of Federal hospitals, with Joe slowly winning the long pull; 1925 found him, well but weak, holding a part-time job in Malone, New York. He was invited to become manager of the embryonic Tupper Lake camp—and there you have the answer!

The camp was a life-saver for Joe—and Joe was a life-saver for the camp. In those ideal surroundings he rapidly strengthened—and as he progressed he threw himself more and more into the task of

helping other convalescents. Add to that, a good executive sense, a genial even-tempered disposition, and you have the picture of Joe Burns. More than that, though, you also have the secret of the intelligent and sympathetic understanding which has been the keystone of the camp's success.

Hoping to reach all-year operation by gradual steps the administration keeps the camp open a little longer each season. This year the camp will be available to convalescents six months instead of five: May 1st to November 30th. The recreational area, however, is limited to the normal season, May 15th to September 15th. When all is said and done, Tupper Lake Camp must rank as one of the Legion's outstanding accomplishments. Its fame is already national—even international.

Wheelhorses

(Continued from page 19)

They know better than not to reply to him now."

I took hope. "Then he needs no aid from me?"

"Not Doc Watson. He's a Legion wheelhorse who knows all the ropes."

"Wheelhorses!" I explained. "That's the answer!"

"The answer to what?"

"The answer to how you keep sixteen apples flying in the air with the greatest of ease all at one time. What I mean is that if we get real all-timers on those committees where we haven't got carry-over members, all the projects get done well."

It suddenly dawned on me that the Doc Watsons of The American Legion were department heads of a great corporation, serving year in and year out without pay and rarely any recognition. They are the men who make a commander's year a success though you don't find them down front when the applause begins.

Let me cut in here a moment to show you how this works. Felix pointed out that since the highway safety campaign to reduce the shocking number of motor car accidents was a major objective in 1937 we should get busy at once. And we had to have a man to head it up who would be in there pitching every minute.

"Bill Schwartz," I said promptly.

Bill is the type of man who would drive twice over a dangerous fog-blind road to donate his blood to the sick son of a fellow member of the National Americanism Commission. Bill is the type of Legionnaire who doesn't let a term as

Department Commander stop him from going right ahead doing Legion work. An all-timer who held two or three jobs in his post and was vice-chairman of our National Americanism Commission.

Later I called Bill and said, "You're chairman of our Highway Safety Campaign," and he said, "All right, when do we start?"

Maybe I helped some in preparing a program of action, and being a lawyer I could try to make a speech without much notice, and being commander I was around to aid in pushing the needful legislation; but the day-by-day pounding was done by Schwartz. He has visited nearly every post in the State exhibiting the safety films. He has spoken before scores of town meetings and school gatherings on the need for safety. I honestly believe that our decrease in highway casualties, particularly among school children, is as much owing to Bill's efforts as to the new laws governing brake inspection, licensing regulations, and more scrupulous motor car supervision.

And it is the wheelhorses who, familiar with their job, develop the new ideas that keep a project going. I mean, for example, the Sons of the Legion. We have in our State, Elliott White Springs, third living American ace. For several years now Springs has offered an annual prize for the finest airplane model powered by rubber bands. This year, however, he offers a grand prize for the model that has a real tiny motor in it, going on the theory that out of the half-hundred entries one lad or more will become an aviation engineer and designer. Felix

Goudelock, along with Waldo Lever, chairman of our Sons of the Legion Committee, has one ambition and that is to have a rifle team for every Squadron. Already a dozen or so are shooting monthly schedules, and by his own mysterious method Felix has obtained for them an indoor range, rifles and bountiful ammunition without cost. (Any Department Commander or Adjutant wanting to know how this miracle was performed should write to Goudelock, Memorial Building, Columbia, S. C., for details.)

And while I am pointing with pride, let me remind you of the work over many years by wheelhorses who created our rehabilitation service. We believe that our set-up gives the veteran better service than in any other State in the Union. We have not only a rehabilitation committee and state service officer, we also have, in fifty percent of our counties, county service officers drawing full-time pay. A patient, stubborn service that seeks out the veteran, white and colored, and in the case of one Negroess worked six years until she finally collected an award of \$3,300. For five years J. Earl Bethea has needed direction from no one on rehabilitation.

Harking back again to the fish fry, I was just biting, with relief, into a grand bit of shad roe when Felix said, "Now, what about unemployment? Last year we reduced the jobless from 4,500 to 2,026. We can cut that more this year but it needs a man to get monthly reports from posts on the unemployed and the jobs in their localities."

"Sam Swint," I said, going right ahead with my mastication. "You can't catch me now, Felix."

"No?" he said. "What about membership?"

I grinned at him. "With Gary Foster and Cannon for vice-commanders, and John Dinkins, Jim Bush, Ben Clark, Bob Ashmore, Quay Hood, George Terrell and R. K. Wise as district commanders, you and I can handle membership—providing you give me a nice fat Christmas present."

Felix, as you doubtless know, was the bird who invented the idea of filling the commander's Christmas stocking with membership cards (the posts presented me with 600, and this, despite the fact that we increased our dues twenty-five cents to pay off a depression deficit in the department).

"Who's going to see that Woodrow Wilson's boyhood home is kept up?"

"Jim Wilcox." By now I was laughing, and never did fish taste better.

"What about the Distinguished Service Award?"

"Miller C. Foster."

I knew I had Felix stumped because the all-timers outnumbered the tasks, so when he came to disaster relief I said, "J. J. Bullard."

Incidentally, we've never had a major disaster in South Carolina (business of knocking on wood), but when the mid-west winter flood struck, Horse Creek Valley Post and the posts in Beaufort and Spartanburg sent trucks loaded with food and clothing and a portable electric light plant to Louisville. I recall that one of the Legionnaires on a truck said to a couple of National Guardsmen in the flood area, "Can we get through up ahead?"

"That Legion cap you're wearing will get your truck through to any place in the flood district," one of the guardsmen said.

I HAVE said that when we of South Carolina get a good man on the job we leave him there. So the historical committee offered no problem, for Dr. J. Ryan McKissick, President of the University of South Carolina, has been working for years to accumulate all the letters and diaries possible from South Carolina World War veterans. Dr. McKissick is not a Legionnaire, but he is one of our best friends. It has been said, and rightly, that South Carolina has made more history and recorded less of it than any other State in the Union. But this will not apply to the World War, and future historians will find a wealth of material in our archives. I pass on the idea to such other Departments as have not made arrangements, for soldiers' letters and diaries offer splendid pictures and they are easier to obtain when the veteran is alive than when he is dead.

Well, sir, by (Continued on page 50)



Life Insurance for fathers

The Prudential
Insurance Company of America

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, President Home Office, NEWARK, N. J.

DANDRUFF! WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1931, C.M.Co.

GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

Dandruff may cause other scalp disorders. Follow the treatment used by millions —Glover's Mange Medicine and Massage. And Shampoo with Glover's Medicated Soap. It gives your scalp a tingling sensation of cleanliness. Try it! Sold by all Druggists. Your Barber or Hairdresser can give you Glover's.

BUYER'S FREE INFORMATION SERVICE

HOW TO USE THIS SERVICE

The Buyer's Free Information Service of THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE, is an additional service rendered by this publication to its subscribers. If you are in the market for any product, you should consider the leading makes of that product before you buy, to insure yourself of obtaining the greatest value for every dollar you spend.

To do this check the item or items listed which you will purchase within a reasonable length of time. You incur no obligation of any sort in so doing.

To illustrate: If you are going to purchase an Automobile, check the word Automobile. If you are now driving a Packard, and have decided to purchase another Packard, then simply put a check in front of the name Packard on the list of makes under Automobiles. However, if you want to consider several makes of cars before you definitely decide upon any one, then check the names of all those makes upon which you would like information.

Follow the same procedure if you have in mind the purchase of tires, batteries, accessories or other items. If makes or products upon which you desire information are not listed, write them in one of the blank spaces. When you have checked or written in all the items on which you are interested in receiving the latest information, sign your name and address at the place indicated, tear out the Service Coupon and mail to:

(CUT HERE)

Buyer's Free Information Service

THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

9 Rockefeller Plaza

New York City, N. Y.

SERVICE REQUEST

PROMOTION DEPARTMENT,

July

GENTLEMEN:

I am in the market for the items checked below and would appreciate your arranging for me to receive complete information.

TIMELY PRODUCTS

AUTOMOBILES

Buick
Chrysler
Dodge
Graham-Paige
Terraplane
Packard
Pontiac
Studebaker

Chevrolet
DeSoto
Ford
Hudson
Nash
Oldsmobile
Plymouth
Willys Overland

TIRES

Goodrich
Fisk
Firestone
General
Goodyear
Seiberling
U. S. Royal

BATTERIES

Ford
Goodrich
Exide
Goodyear
Firestone
U. S. L.
Willard

Helps to Reach New York Convention.

Greyhound Bus
Cities Service
Maps
Socony Maps
Texaco Maps
Tidewater Maps

OTHER PRODUCTS

NAME _____

STREET OR R.F.D. NUMBER _____

POST OFFICE & STATE _____

Post No. _____

Wheelhorses

(Continued from page 49)

now we were getting toward the end of the list and my appetite was getting better with the minutes.

"Child Welfare," said Felix, "and also the war orphans activity. You know, the Legislature passed a bill in 1930 to pay \$150 toward the college education of war orphans, but never did put out any money until this year. So now we've got to get busy."

"Carl H. Hart," said I.

Thereupon we named Taylor Stukes and Solomon Blatt, President pro tem of the Senate and speaker of the House of Representatives, respectively, and I told myself that all was complete. There, I was mistaken.

I had just lit a cigarette when Irving Belser came up to shake hands.

"Listen, Hugh," said he. "In 1932 the department convention passed a resolution about the idea of decorating the highways with trees and small markers as memorials to all South Carolinians who died during and since the war. Nothing's been done about it, and I think something should."

I recalled the idea and was seized with a quick enthusiasm. Planting trees along the highways was not only a fine memorial and enduring, but would also beautify the roads.

"You originated the idea," I told him, "So you're chairman of the committee. But I'm free now to help you any way you need it."

Well, sir, on October 18th by governor's proclamation the day will be set aside for a state-wide ceremony to plant the trees and place the memorial stones. We'll turn out the posts in uniform, the firing squads from squadron and post, and the buglers. Each county will plant the tree native to the locality; and each year at the same time the ceremony will be repeated for the veterans who have died during the year. I can't think of a more utilitarian or dignified memorial to our friends and comrades.

Not long after this article sees print I shall lay down the gavel, and (I hope) the people will say that the South Carolina Department had a great year. People who live in Saluda will remember the drinking fountain the local post presented and there will doubtless be applause for me as a leader. People in North Augusta and Hampton will remember the old schoolbooks gathered and repaired by the Legion posts and donated to poor children who otherwise would have none. Other people in other communities will recall a kindness or a service from loyal Legionnaires not mentioned herein, and they, too, will doubtless praise my administration or applaud some other Legionnaires momentarily occupying jobs of leadership. But you know, and I know, that all of these programs and services

are made possible only by the wheel-horses who have been tugging in the traces from the beginning and will be in there tugging until the last bugle call.

So before I go back to Hampton, a rear-rank Legionnaire, polishing my

badges, recalling my good year, I want to speak this word for the old-timers and all-timers who even then will be right in there wheelhorsing, God bless 'em, for the new Commander, and, as usual, doing ninety-nine percent of the work.

Arrivederci in Italia

(Continued from page 21)

passed at Piacenza, when it enters the region of Emilia. The line follows more or less the course of the ancient Via Aemilia, one of the most important Roman roads that from Piacenza led, as it still leads, to Rimini on the Adriatic.

Cities noted for their history, culture and art are now passed in quick succession, each one offering marvelous specimens of the Romanesque art that renders the cathedrals of Emilia justly famed throughout the world. Parma, Reggio and Modena are passed and gradually the blue line of the Apennines comes into view and the turreted outline of Bologna is seen.

Bologna, a lovely old city, is but three hours by train from Venice and in an hour and a half one can be at Ravenna, a town of indescribable charm, where Byzantine art may be studied better than in any other town in Italy. It is also less than two hours from the Riviera of Romagna where the smart beaches of Rimini and Riccione are located.

Before proceeding further, we will linger awhile in Venice, the golden domed

city of picturesque canals, gondolas and romance.

Floating down one of the canals in the moonlight to the accompaniment of the gondolier's song, of course is a "must" on nearly every visitor's itinerary, especially if on a first visit. So are sightseeing tours to the many points of historic, cultural and artistic interest including the modern art exhibit at the Palazzo Pesaro, the Basilica of St. Mark's, the Bridge of Sighs, the Church of Santa Maria della Salute, the Doges' Palace and many other places famed in pictures and stories.

But when one sees automobiles crossing the Lagoon on the "autostrada" the magnificent new automobile roads which now connect Venice by a new bridge, one realizes that Venice also has many modern aspects.

Again we are on our train speeding towards Rome. We travel through the pleasant Valley of Bisenzio towards Prato from where on a green background of Tuscan hills the familiar and famous landmarks of (Continued on page 52)



First in an allotment of seventy Ford, Zephyr and Lincoln cars which will be put at the disposal of The American Legion New York Convention Headquarters for the official use of The American Legion 1937 Convention Corporation. Reading from left to right in the picture, Robert E. Condon, Executive Vice President of the Convention Corporation, National Commander Harry W. Colmery, and Emmett Kane of the Ford Motor Company

WE'RE THROUGH USING MISFIT BLADES

—say men everywhere

Unsolicited letters tell why it pays to use only Gillette Blades in the Gillette Razor



RIGHT BLADE FOR THE GILLETTE RAZOR

After using several other make blades I went back to Gillette and got such wonderful shaves that I am going to keep right on using them. It makes a big difference when you use the right blade for your Gillette Razor.

R. D. Bellinger,
166 East 96th St., N. Y. C.

FACE SORE FROM MISFIT BLADES

At times I tried other brands of blades, but they do not shave anywhere as well as the Gillette Blade in my Gillette Razor. I have found my face raw and sore from these misfit blades — but Gillette Blades shave as always comfortable.

George F. Lyman
51 Moseley St., Dorchester, Mass.



★ The Gillette Blade is made to FIT the Gillette Razor. No worry about too much shaving edge to scuff your skin; nor too little shaving edge to leave patches of stubble behind. Slip a Gillette Blade into your Gillette Razor tomorrow and enjoy shaving comfort at its best.



Gillette Blades
Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

FELLOW LEGIONNAIRES:



ROOSEVELT—U. S. LINES POST NO. 945

Invites you to Sail American
to the Post Convention Pilgrim-
age in Paris.

S. S. WASHINGTON Sept. 23rd Midnight

America's Largest, Fastest Liner

PRES. ROOSEVELT SEPT. 29, NOON
MANHATTAN OCT. 6, NOON

SPECIAL 20% REDUCTION IN ALL STEAMER FARES

Also drastic reductions in living costs
ashore in France for all Legionnaires

See your local agent for full details
or the American Express Co., Chicago,
official transportation agents for the
movement, or

UNITED STATES LINES

No. 1 Broadway, New York

"In Peace as in War We Serve"

Arch Support Moccasin

A hand sewed moccasin made from black, medium weight, oil tanned leather. Eyeleted collar and adjustable gusset in tip. Molded arch supporting rubber sole which supports the arch the same as dress shoe yet has the ease and comfort of the old fashioned moccasin. Whole and half sizes. Write for Catalog.

L. L. BEAN, Inc.,

Mrs. Fishing
Camping and
Hunting
Specialties
61 Main St.,
Freeport, Maine



Men's \$2.85 postpaid
Boys' \$2.50 postpaid



More City and Rural Dealers

Start your own business with our capital. It pays better than most occupations. Buy everything at wholesale—sell at retail. Be your own boss. Make all the profits on everything you sell. We supply everything—Products, Auto-Bodies, Sample Cases, Advertising Matter, Sales and Service Methods, etc. 15 Factories and Service Branches. Prompt shipments. Lowest freight and express rates. Superior Rawleigh Quality, old established demand, lowest prices, guarantee of satisfaction or no sale, makes easy sales. 210 necessities for home and farm, all guaranteed the best values. Rawleigh's Superior Sales and Service Methods secure most business everywhere. Nearly 40 million Products sold last year. If you are willing to work steady every day for good pay, write for complete information how to start your own business with our capital.

W. T. Rawleigh Co., Dept. G-36-ALM Freeport, Ill.

Arrivederci in Italia

(Continued from page 51)

Florence the magnificent are to be seen.

Soft hills almost hidden under cypress and olive trees border the upper valley of the Arno until Arezzo, the birthplace of Petrarch, is reached.

Here the landscape widens almost as if to offer more repose scenery and in fact the blue Umbrian mountains appear on the horizon and stretched under them the wide expanse of Lake Trasimeno. The Isola Maggiore where St. Francis fasted and Castiglione del Lago, its houses hugging its ancient castle, are seen and on the opposite bank one of the most picturesque lake villages, Passignano.

Now the right of way is near the banks of the historic Tiber and crosses the wide Roman Campagna which has been reclaimed during the past few years through the tireless efforts of Il Duce.

And so we come to Rome—Rome the ancient, the cultural, and the Rome which is as modern as tomorrow: the points of interest in Rome and the Eternal City are so numerous and embrace so many aspects—artistic, cultural, historic, religious, archaeological—that one cannot even attempt to go into details here. Rome alone requires a guide

book, to be thoroughly explored—such booklets are available without cost at offices of the Italian Tourist Information Bureaus, and should be studied.

The surroundings of Rome, however, have recently been developed and are also decidedly worth a visit during one's stay in Rome, proper.

Tivoli with the famous waterfalls of the Aniene, Villa d'Este and the remains of Hadrian's Villa may now be reached quickly and easily from the capital as well as such other tourist haunts as the Lake of Bracciano and Littoria, which has risen as if by magic from the Pontine Marshes. Risen too from those former desolate, unhealthy marshes south of Rome is the wonder city of Sabaudia which was built with military precision in 180 days.

The blue skies of Naples, its charm and many points of interest with Capri

across the gulf, the whole dominated by Vesuvius, for centuries have attracted visitors. All through the nation the message of Mussolini comes true:

"I desire that Italy be visited by as many foreign tourists as possible. They will find a most beautiful country, an orderly and sincerely hospitable people."

Picking Up Trouble

(Continued from page 13)

to reach, in many cases, a result it was felt protection to the public required.

Again the legislature stepped in. In many States we now have statutes, of which the one in New York is typical, making the car owner liable for injuries coming from its negligent operation "by any person legally using or operating the same with the permission, express or implied of such owner." The legislature does not need to fit its rule into the general pattern of master-and-servant law. So long as it avoids collision with the Constitution, it can weave the legal fabric as it pleases. This type of statute, it is to be noted, does not make the car owner an insurer against all the harm the borrower

may do with the car. It only makes him liable if the injury comes through the borrower's negligence. Perhaps some day our legislation will go further and make the owner liable for all injuries, regardless of fault.

This problem of car owner's liability becomes increasingly interesting when we spread our facts across state lines, and have different rules of law prevailing in each State. We call this subject Conflict of Laws, because the questions present a seeming conflict as to the correct choice of law to be applied for settlement. Let me put three problems which have come to the courts where this complication has been introduced.

First case. A New Jersey car owner named Young lent his car for a day to one Michael Balbino, for the latter's own purposes. Balbino drove the car over to New York, and like many another of us when we go to the big city, got into trouble. He ran into and injured a New Yorker, named Masci, and Mr. Masci sued Young to recover for his injuries. The interesting point for us is that New Jersey, where the lending was done and where Young had the car at that time, had no such statute as the one described. New York did. Could Young be held under the New York law, when, so far as we know, he had never been in New York, and all he had ever done was to let Balbino take the car there? The answer given was yes and the United States Supreme Court upheld it as correct. The reason was that Young, by allowing Balbino to take the car to New York, had subjected himself to whatever New York had provided by way of owner's responsibility for what another had done with it. The result is good law, though one could hardly expect Mr. Young to wax enthusiastic about it.

Second case. Suppose Young had expressly stipulated, and Balbino had agreed, that the car was not to be taken into New York; nevertheless Balbino did take it there and carelessly hurt Masci. Is Young liable now? There is no Supreme Court decision to cite for answer, but there is a well considered decision in the next lower United States Court by Learned Hand, one of the country's outstandingly able judges. Judge Hand said the answer was no. If the owner in one case neither took his car to New York himself nor permitted another to do so, the law of that State could not reach him. Therefore the liability was only that provided by New Jersey.

Third case. This is an actual instance also. A man named Sack rented a car from a company in Connecticut which operated a drive-it-yourself rental system. He

drove from Connecticut to Massachusetts where, through his negligence, he injured a man named Levy. Connecticut had a statute like the New York act just discussed; Massachusetts did not. Levy sued the company and the Connecticut court said he could recover. The judge said the statute became a part of every contract of hiring of a car in Connecticut. One may, with respect, doubt that. If the court is right, it would follow that if the hiring had been in Massachusetts and the accident in Connecticut, the company would not be liable under the Connecticut statute. Such a result would be possible, but so contrary to the result reached in analogous cases that one would not expect a court to reach it.

The result of these two types of legislation just described is a relaxation of the car owner's liability in one instance, a stiffening of it in another. Does this represent consistent policy? Legislatures do not have to be consistent unless they please, but it is always interesting to watch their output to see whether it shows a point of view more general than the particular problems dealt with in the statutes. In these pieces of legislation, be it noted, the easing up on responsibility concerns people who put themselves in contact with the motorist. They accept his hospitality; he gets nothing out of it. The feeling of legislatures evidently is that guests should not complain of the lack of care in their hospitality. After all, he is treating them as well as he treats himself.

The stricter rule comes in favor of people who are brought into contact with the motorist's car willy nilly. The injured pedestrian does not select the driver of the car which hurts him and it has seemed fair that the owner, not the victim, should bear the risk that the person entrusted with the vehicle prove a careful driver, so long as the borrower is acting within the area in (Continued on page 54)



"Oh, why did I ever marry a baseball player?"

SPORTSMAN'S GUIDE

● All signs point to good eating when your choice of camp rations is guided by the keystone label of Heinz! For here are foods that look and *taste* homemade, because they're made the *home* way! With Heinz—every meal's a banquet! Best of all, Heinz real home-style foods need practically no preparation. You simply open a tin, heat the contents and sit back to enjoy home cooking at its best!

Put these fine foods on your grub list now: Heinz Oven-baked Beans (all four kinds); Heinz Home-style Soups (your choice of 22 succulent varieties); Heinz Ready-cooked Spaghetti (with a rich sauce of prize tomatoes, rare spices and golden cheese) and Heinz Ready-cooked Macaroni (tender, creamed strands, topped with hearty American cheese). You'll eat royally!

P.S.—Don't forget a supply of Heinz Tomato Ketchup. No camp complete without it.



HEINZ



ATTENTION! ALL LEIONNAIRES!

Special Post-Convention
Trips to Europe and the
Paris International
Exposition!

20% Off on French
Line
Steamers!

Special Sailings Only

50% Off on French
Railroad
Tickets!

Until Nov. 15



Here's the opportunity of a lifetime. After the New York Convention, you can take a trip abroad at special low prices available only to Legionnaires. Form a group from your Post or State.

French Line

610 Fifth Ave. (Rockefeller Center), N. Y.

SEE YOUR LOCAL AMERICAN EXPRESS CO.
OFFICE OR YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

Fly Anywhere in Europe Via Air-France



LISTEN, MR. LEIONNAIRE!

DO YOU KNOW THAT
AMONG LEIONNAIRES—

360,810 Hunt
232,017 Play Golf
67,237 Do Trapshooting
514,225 Go Fishing
90,913 Play Tennis
473,504 Swim

These big figures truly represent the Legionnaire as the active citizen that he is.

The American Legion Market, of which you are a member, represents a solid front of substantial American citizens who do things.

**Buy products advertised in
The American Legion Magazine**

Picking Up Trouble

(Continued from page 53)

which the car has been entrusted to him.

Travel by automobile has produced another interesting legal development which deals with the place at which a motorist may be sued, also a Conflict-of-Laws question. Suppose an Ohio man and his family get into the car and drive to New England for a summer holiday. Rolling through the Berkshire Hills in Massachusetts, father, at the wheel, has the misfortune to hit a pedestrian. The victim is promptly taken to a hospital; the family enjoys its holiday and returns to Ohio without further mishap. Now the victim wants to sue the car owner for the injuries he has suffered. Of course he can go to Ohio, engage a lawyer there, and bring his action at the place where the motorist lives. But this has its inconveniences. It may mean the transporting of witnesses and it certainly will have the disadvantage of offering battle on strange ground. In law suits, as well as in athletic contests, the home team has some advantage. But until recently, the victim could only sue at the place of the accident if he had good luck to find the motorist in the State and serve summons upon him there. This is an instance of a well established rule regarding what lawyers term "jurisdiction over the person." Jurisdiction, that is, the power to hear and effectually decide a question by rendering a judgment, can only be exercised over persons subject to the State's control. It rests, in last analysis, on physical power. One needs no law degree to see that Massachusetts has no physical power over an Ohio citizen who is now several hundred miles away.

In contrast with this orthodox legal theory, here was the fact of thousands of foreign cars making their trips into Massachusetts, perhaps inflicting injuries there, and leaving the State before any-

thing could be done about it. The legislature, to meet the situation, passed a statute providing that when the car owner had an accident in Massachusetts, one injured in the accident could sue the operator in that State by serving the process by which suit was begun upon the state registrar of motor vehicles, whose duty it was to forward it to the defendant by registered mail. This statute was upheld as constitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States. It was a departure from previous rules, no doubt. But the court considered the legislature's action as a realistic attempt to deal, in a reasonable way, with a problem which called for an extension of the law.

A huge crop of similar statutes sprang up in other States almost immediately. That they are constitutional there is little doubt, though draftsmen must be careful to see that precautions are taken to make sure that the absent motorist gets notice of the suit and an opportunity to make his defense. That such legislation finds public approval is shown by its wide and rapid spread.

Laymen often complain that law and lawyers remain obstinately unchangeable in our otherwise universally changing world. But one need only examine law in any one of its branches to see that it does change and grow and that fairly rapidly, though none would claim that motor car law changes as rapidly as motor car models. Nor would any wise person desire it to do so. Courts, lawyers and legislatures must try as best they can to adjust conflicting interests among human beings. There is no fixed formula for determining whose claim is the one to be favored: it must in the last analysis depend on judge's or lawmaker's sense of what is fair. And one's sense of fairness does not vary with the seasons.

Parley Voo

(Continued from page 11)

tures on tapestry, and nice little towns, all brown with age, crawling up a hill in the shelter of some old castle. It was so interesting I didn't realize that the Owl and the Pussy-cat were trying me by a sort of special court.

"Sergeant," speaks up the Pussy-cat suddenly, "do you speak a word of French?"

"Yes, sir," said I boldly. Which was the truth. I could say, "Bonjoor," and "combien" and "merci" and "oo allay voo."

"What did that French officer say to you at Bordeaux?"

"He said we were to change trains and that he'd tell me when the other train

came in. I was waiting for him to return."

Why the roof of the car didn't fall on me for that one I don't know, but it's a poor soldier that can't make a slight misstatement now and again.

"Why didn't you tell me?" demands the little looey.

"Well, sir, he wasn't very certain, it seemed to me, and I thought I'd wait until he came back with the direct order."

"Humph!"

The Owl suggests we halt the trial then for a minute or two to see if we can deduce what is responsible for strange phenomena he had observed. We'd go, every now and then, through some Algerian section gangs that were working

on the track. But strangely enough, each time we did, by the time the first-class buggy got to them, they'd be fleeing in all directions, as for their very lives. Well, well! What could be doing that?

"Ha, ha!" says Nick the Turk, waving his little carving tool.

"What do you mean, 'ha-ha'?" demands the little looeys quickly.

"Nothing, lieutenant. I just laugh."

There was a roar from up forward, where the troops were. Not any song, just a kind of wild yell.

"There was a camp order," says the little fat looeys, "to inspect the men's packs and pockets very carefully for liquor, with which order I complied. They didn't have any. Now they must have gotten it between the camp and the train. How?"

Nick the Turk carved a little curl of aluminum out of my dog tag and laughed again.

"You know, sergeant," said he, "when the guard chases those men at Carbon Blanc? They chase them right into the wine shop. Sure. When they march them out again, they all got their canteens full o' vin rooge. Even the guard. You know when Steve Potato fight that kid? Well, all the men get down on the other side of the cars and go get some wine and coneyac while you was watchin' the fight!"

"Yeh, yeh, well, they musta drunk it all up by now. It can't last forever."

"We hope not!" said the two looeys. They looked at me coldly.

"Yah," grins Nick, "but when it's all gone, old Chief Buffalo Nickel goes an' gets more for them. He speak French. He gets a drink from the place he buys the wine, and he gets another from the feller he buys it for. Drunk all the time!"

Before anyone could go on with the discussion, we noticed simultaneously what looked like cans of tomatoes bumping alongside the track. Aha, deduced everyone, the merry soldiery were pegging their reserve rations at the Algerians.

"Sergeant, go stop it, and bring that man Buffalo Nickel or Potato, or whatever he is, to me!"

The next side track they shoved us on to let some express go through, I went up front. The soldiers had all got down to fight. No, they hadn't thrown anything at the Algerians, oh, no. Well, the hell with it. Where was Steve Potato? Oh, around somewhere. Well, he wasn't. I searched every compartment, and all the little towers, and did it over again. So I had to report to the Owl and the Pussy-cat that we were minus our specimen of the noble red man.

"What?" howled the fat little looeys. "A man missing? He must have fallen off the train! Probably dead! And you stand there like a post! Why don't you do something?"

Well, I couldn't see anything to do except regret that a couple of second looeys

hadn't fallen off the train along with Steve.

Very good, I was the interpreter, get the conductor and tell him, and ask him what to do. I looked up in my book before I tackled him, so I had the words all lined up to the effect that one of our men had fallen off the train.

"Yeh?" indicated the conductor. "Well, that's too bad."

That was all the interest he showed. Then he went into some kind of dissertation accompanied by a gesture indicative of cutting the throat. I could gather that what he meant was that after the way we'd been treating the section hands along the way, if the Algerians found the chief, they'd cut his gozzle for him.

Whoo-oot! goes a distant whistle and then the express went through clickety-click, like the hammers of the well-known place. If old Steve Potato had got in front of that, he sure was a good Indian by now.

"By George!" says the fat looeys. "I'm no soldier, and I admit it freely. I couldn't tell one if I saw one, I'm so ignorant, but by God I know you *aren't* one! If you're a sample of the non-commissioned personnel of the Regular Army, then I think we better surrender to the Germans right now and save a lot of headache."

The Owl had looked up Steve's name on the detachment order. It was Podeleau, and he was from the 26th, the New England Division. That was all. Up in the cars the information wasn't much more complete. His pack was there and his rifle, but nobody knew what had happened to him.

We stopped. The Owl and the Pussy-cat wanted to send a telegram to Bordeaux, another to Camp Genicart, and another to General Pershing his very own self, to acquaint him with the fact that one Podeleau, Steve, private, had fallen off the train and was now missing. I found out, even if my French wasn't fluent, that you couldn't send a telegram from a railroad station. You had to go to the post office. Yeh, that was my fault, too. So then we got into Perigeux about nightfall.

Perigeux was a fairly large station, with a roof over the tracks. The two looeys were mad at me, so I didn't go near them, but after we'd waited patiently for about half an hour, and our engine had been uncoupled, and all the civilians had gone home and no more had come down to the train, the fat little one hollered for me.

The first thing the fat little looeys does is want me to find out how much time we were going to spend in Perigeux. It was simple for me to find out—the station master lays his cheek on his hand and indicates sleep. All night. All right then. We left the Owl with the troops so they wouldn't set fire to the cars, or tear the station down brick by brick, and started out for the post office. It was black as your hat in (Continued on page 56)

Comfort IN WASHINGTON

BEDROOMS
Silently Cooled by
Fresh, Washed Air.

RESTAURANTS
Featuring Weather, a
la carte, with the Fam-
ed Mayflower Cuisine.

LOBBIES
Properly Conditioned
the Year 'Round.

PUBLIC ROOMS
All-Cool Throughout
the Summer.

Single Rooms from \$4
Double Rooms from \$6
Naturally Ventilated
Bedrooms, if Preferred.

New York Office
521 Fifth Avenue
Murray Hill 6-2386

**The Air Conditioned
MAYFLOWER**

WASHINGTON, D. C.
R. L. POLLIO, Manager



NEW YORK

and then . . .

THE REX

and then . . .

EUROPE

Keep right on going—after the convention! Just two days later (Sept. 25th)—you can cross to Europe on the fast Italian super-liner, Rex . . . enjoy famous Lido "beach" life, the huge swimming pool, outdoor sports and lazy bronzing in the sun . . . all the way. Hospitable Italy welcomes you with reductions in Tourist Lira—hotels—rail rates—adding economy to your travel pleasure. You have a choice of 5 return "Lido" sailings between Oct. 6 and 28; also 4 sailings in November. Ask for the special folder for Legionnaires.



Apply to your own Travel Agent or to American Express Company, official transportation agents, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

ITALIAN LINE

624 Fifth Ave., New York.
Offices in Principal Cities

THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA FINANCIAL STATEMENT

April 30, 1937

Assets

Cash on hand and deposits.....	\$ 531,416.48
Notes and Accounts Receivable.....	62,788.40
Inventories.....	157,424.71
Invested funds.....	1,498,959.71
Permanent investment—Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund....	192,972.92
Office Building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation.....	128,097.63
Furniture, Fixtures and Equipment..	35,112.97
Deferred charges.....	20,126.21
	<u>\$2,626,899.03</u>

Liabilities, Deferred Income and Net Worth

Current Liabilities.....	\$ 68,614.46
Funds restricted as to use.....	49,428.31
Deferred Income.....	432,961.90
Permanent Trust—Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund.....	191,904.75
	<u>\$ 742,909.42</u>
Net Worth:	
Restricted capital..\$1,500,693.80	
Unrestricted capital 383,295.81	\$1,883,989.61
	<u>\$2,626,899.03</u>

FRANK E. SAMUEL, *National Adjutant*

Parley Voo

(Continued from page 55)

that street. The only light was from a little café in back of the station. In front of the café, having himself some kind of a soothing cup, was an American soldier.

Thinks I, "That bird looks like Steve Potato. Can it be?"

So I asked the looey would he wait there a second, and I breezed over. It was Steve Potato all right, sitting there smoking a stogie.

"Where the hell have you been?" says I. "How did you get here? Whaddyuh mean by makin' us think you fell off the train? Who give you that stogie?"

"I come on the express, sergeant," says Steve, puffing the stogie. "Wahoo! I wouldn't ride with them fresh kids in those car. Too dam' fresh, them kids! I ride the express. I been here an hour."

"How could you ride the express without a ticket?"

"I speak French," said Steve. "Sergeant, I'm born French. Come from Maine. I'm a guide. You come up some time, I shoot you a moose!"

"T'hell with your moose! You drag the seat of your pants outta here and back to the cars where you belong."

"Pay for my drink!" orders Steve.

"Pay for your drink? I will me eye! Pay for it yourself!"

"You wanna fight?" asks Steve. "I fight you for the drink!"

He got up and let out a couple of wahoos and bounced up and down like a monkey. Poor old red man, he was coneyacked to the eyebrows. Over comes the fat looey to see what the argument was. He was tickled pink to find Steve again. He was so tickled he paid for Steve's drink without protest. Then he had to hear the story, which was simple.

Steve came from northern Maine, and spoke better French than he did English. He just got on the express and told the conductor he'd missed his train and would get off at the next stop and pick it up again. Would the great French nation demand railroad fare of one of its saviors that had just come over to roll back the German hordes? Not they, so he could ride free, and a gentleman in the compartment gives him a stogie. That was early, when the French had their illusions about us.

"So you speak French fluently?" says the looey with a far away look in his eye. "Come with me! Sergeant, go back to the cars and make the arrangements for the night."

The arrangements for the troops were simple. They were just going to stay in the cars and not get out of them, and eat what rations they hadn't buzzed at the Algerians along the track, for their supper.

When I had everything set, appears the looey with two men out of the dark.

"Sergeant," says the fat little looey

to me, "you stay here." He indicates the Owl and Steve Potato, who makes me a grin and a "how" sign. "We're going up to the Hotel de France to spend the night. Podeleau is to be our interpreter. For once we'll have one that can understand French. When we get to La Courtine, I'm going to report you."

Gee, I went over to the edge of the platform and sat down. I felt pretty sad. France was a lonely country and a long way from home. Nick, the Turk, came over and sat down with me, patiently carving my dog tags.

"Sergeant," says Nick, "gonna be cold tonight. Whaddyuh say you ask can we sleep in the station?"

"I'm not sleepy," said I bitterly.

"Whass matter?"

I explained. I had tried to help, but was to be reported, and would probably get busted.

"Yeh," agrees Nick, "you'll get busted anyway. La Courtine, I know it. I was in the Regular Army, too. Fort Myer. Spike Hennessy, he commands at La Courtine. He'll bust you. He'll bust you anyway."

"I fear you're right," said I.

"You know, you come with me," said Nick. "I belong to the First Division. I know where they are. I'll engrave, an' you sell, an' we can buy chow with the money."

"Lemme consider it," said I.

I went wandering away into the station, and I'd tell you, lady, I darn near decided to throw stripes and outfit and honor to the winds and go gallivanting with Nick up to his outfit. But I saw a light in a corner, and peeked in, and there was the nicest little girl I'd seen since I left home, wearing a long black apron, and writing in a book. She was some kind of a baggage smasher, a lady one at that. My, my, what a country!

The lady baggage smasher saw me peeking in, and opens the window.

"Que voulez vous?" she asks.

"Oh, rien," said I, meaning nothing. "I am just a lonesome soldat."

Well, she gave me a cold smile and a long line of rippling language and closes the window again. I peeked in and saw she was back at work. Ah, the hell with it. There was a kind of empty counter there, and I went and crawled into it and went to sleep.

Well, came the dawn, and I could hear the little looey bellowing for me. I rushed out, all unwashed, and asked him what he wanted. All the guys going from the cars to the pump in their undershirts stopped to listen. Beyond is Steve Potato, all outraged dignity.

"I want you to put this Indian under arrest!" orders the looey.

"What's the matter, sir? Can't he speak French either?"

"He speaks it too well. I told him to get a small room for himself and the best one in the place for us. We slept—or tried to—in a miserable room under the eaves. How did we know the difference? I never was in a French hotel in my life. And in the morning we found this interpreter stretched out full pack, hobnails and all, in the bridal suite. Just switched the rooms on us. We'll stick to you, sergeant, for our interpreting, after this."

"No, sir," said I, "I'm done. I can't speak French, and won't ever try to again."

"What do you mean, you can't speak French? Yesterday you said you could."

"Sir, I know better now. I told a girl in there I was lonesome, and she replied that in half an hour she'd be off duty and would see what could be done about it. I went over in the corner and went to sleep, and didn't know what she'd said until this morning. One of the guys

in there that stays all night spelled it out for me in words of one syllable. No, lieutenant, I quit."

Well, the looney stood aghast, and went and looked in the baggage room, but there was no girl there. She'd gone home.

"But where was Nick all this time?" asked the lady I was telling the story to.

"Well, I thought for a long time that he had gone home with the lady baggage smasher, but I found out afterward he didn't. She was really a nice girl. No, this Nick hopped an express that went through there in the night, taking my dog tags with him. I think he had it in mind to skip with those tags all along. He got pinched a couple of times, and showed the M. P.'s my tags instead of his own. Did I hear about it from Spike Hennessy at La Courtine later on?"

"Do tell me about it!" says the lady.

"Give me another depth bomb and I will."

Color Guards—Front!

(Continued from page 31)

has several posts that move from town to town within the limited area of their jurisdiction to hold post meetings, but C. E. Sherman, Past Commander of Arthur E. Dodson Post, would like to know if there is another chartered post of the Legion with a roving commission.

Oberlin Gets Fidac Medal

IMPRESSIVE were the ceremonies that marked the return of Harry W. Colmery to Oberlin College at Oberlin, Ohio, on the closing day of April of 1937. He had gone back many times since that memorable day in 1913 when he received his sheepskin after four years of college work. This time he did not go back as an alumnus to participate in a college celebration, but as the National Commander of The American Legion and as the representative of the allied World War veterans of eleven countries to pay a distinct honor to his Alma Mater by the formal presentation of the FIDAC medal awarded the college at the International Congress held at Warsaw, Poland, last autumn.

This distinctive award was made on the basis of notable achievement by the college in its work in promoting good will and a better understanding between nations and between peoples. It is one of three awarded annually by FIDAC to American colleges and universities, and for the first time since the award was established in 1930 the Alma Mater of a National Commander of The American Legion, while serving in that office, was cited for outstanding accomplishment in the field of international relations. It was, then, most appropriate that the formal presentation be made to Oberlin by National Commander Colmery.

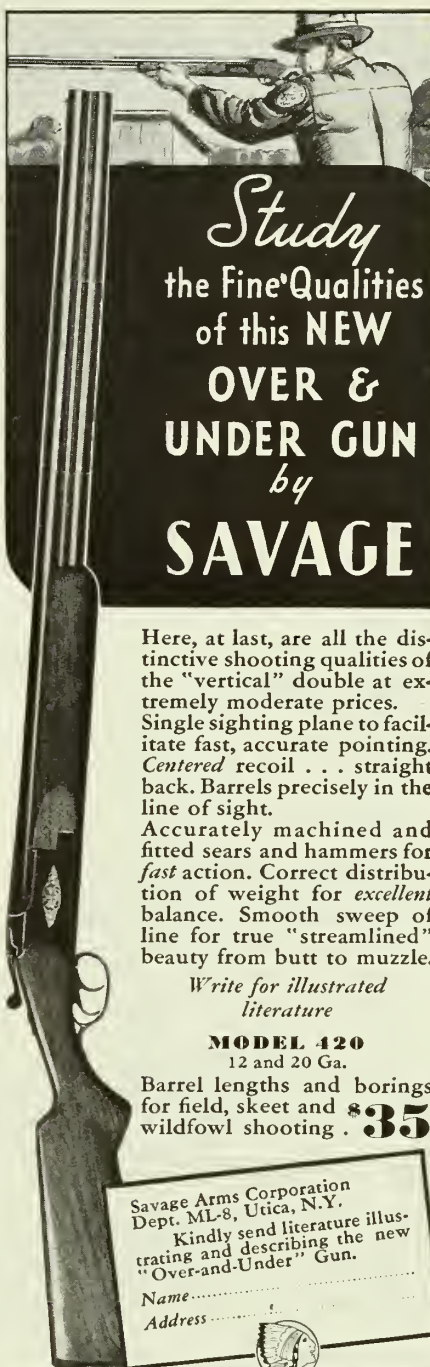
In presenting the medal and diploma

to President Ernest Hatch Wilkins at an assembly comprising almost the whole of the student body of Oberlin, the faculty, townspeople and Legionnaires from Northern Ohio, Commander Colmery said: "I come here today representing a group interested in the very thing which has projected Oberlin into the thoughts and thinking of eight million men who fought in the World War. You have conducted classes in the problems of war and the problems of peace. I bring you this plaque and certificate of merit awarded by the inter-allied veterans, of which The American Legion is a member, in the hope that Oberlin will continue always along this kind of a program, and that this symbol may be an inspiration to those who study. The blessings of peace are the greatest contribution one can make to civilization."

In accepting the certificate and medal for the College, President Wilkins said: "Those of you who are Oberlin of the present know the intense effort to move toward peace and understand its problems. We will continue to do so with all the forces of mind and will inherent and essential in the life of Oberlin. We will remember, and remember with pride, for all of our lives that the recognition of our effort for peace by the largest group of men in the world concerned intensely for the preservation and development of peace, has come to us from the hands and from the mind and from the heart of an Oberlin man."

Large Post in Small City

H. I. CARRELL, Adjutant of L. O. Crane Post at Lawrenceburg, Tennessee, claims for his post the distinction of being the (Continued on page 58)



Study
the Fine Qualities
of this **NEW**
**OVER &
UNDER GUN**
by
SAVAGE

Here, at last, are all the distinctive shooting qualities of the "vertical" double at extremely moderate prices. Single sighting plane to facilitate fast, accurate pointing. Centered recoil . . . straight back. Barrels precisely in the line of sight. Accurately machined and fitted sears and hammers for fast action. Correct distribution of weight for excellent balance. Smooth sweep of line for true "streamlined" beauty from butt to muzzle.

Write for illustrated literature

MODEL 420
12 and 20 Ga.

Barrel lengths and borings for field, skeet and wildfowl shooting. **\$35**

Savage Arms Corporation
Dept. ML-8, Utica, N.Y.
Kindly send literature illustrating and describing the new "Over-and-Under" Gun.
Name
Address

HELP 15 MILES OF KIDNEY TUBES

To Flush out Acids and Other
Poisonous Waste

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 Miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the beginning of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 Miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Germany invites You

with proverbial hospitality, from the costed Rhine to thrilling Berlin, from the Bovarian Alps to the charming ports of Bremen and Homburg, home ports of our ships . . . invites you with

60% off

ON RAILROADS

for past-Convention visits of Legionnaires and families. Passports and visas suspended on Membership Certificates.

Fram New York
BY NORTH
GERMAN LLOYD

Bremen

Sept. 23 & Oct. 9

Europa

Sept. 29

BY HAMBURG-
AMERICAN LINE

Hansa

Sept. 24

Deutschland

Sept. 30

St. Louis

Oct. 2

New York

Oct. 7

Hamburg - American Line

North German Lloyd

57 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

40% off

BY TRAVEL MARKS

20% off

ON THESE
FAMOUS SHIPS
TO OR FROM

IRELAND • ENGLAND
FRANCE • GERMANY

"After the Legion
CONVENTION"

Free book. Get it for
plans. Tours of all
Europe by American
Express Company.
Copy from them, or
Your Travel Agent,
or our 24 offices.

Color Guards—Front!

(Continued from page 57)

largest country post in the world, and cites some interesting figures to back his claim. Lawrenceburg is a town of 3,500 population, located in a rich agricultural district in Middle Tennessee, and of the 534 members enrolled for 1937, more than 360 are farmers. L. O. Crane Post has already enrolled 200 members for 1938 and some have advanced their annual dues as far as 1941. It is a forward looking post.

Just recently when National Commander Colmery paid the Department of Tennessee an official visit, Lawrenceburg was one of the places designated to entertain him. This was not only in recognition of the splendid membership record maintained over a long period of years, but of fine accomplishment in nearly all phases of the Legion's broad national program.

Fetes Kiddies on Fourth

AN ANNUAL event at Haverhill, Massachusetts, that has come to be looked forward to by all of the children of the city is the big Fourth of July picnic sponsored by Wilbur M. Comeau Post. While the attendance at all the picnics

has been large, the one held last year topped them all with an attendance of 2,400 children, with, of course, a large adult attendance. During the course of the celebration these children participated in sporting events for which seventy-six prizes were awarded, and at the same time consumed 3,800 sandwiches, 3,000 ice cream cones, 2,500 bottles of milk, 800 pounds of fruit, 300 pounds of cookies, and other trimmings.

James T. Murphy writes that this annual affair was made possible by a fund left by Charles Eaton, but that the party has grown to such proportions that the co-operation of the city council and of fraternal organizations has been enlisted of late years. Free transportation is furnished to the picnic grounds by the street railway company for healthy youngsters, and by taxi companies for the physically handicapped. The big Fourth of July picnic is held on the Legion's sixty-acre farm near Haverhill, but which borders on the New Hampshire line.

The Wilbur M. Comeau Post has for many years carried on a continuing community service program, but to Haverhill youngsters its outstanding event is the annual picnic. **BOYD B. STUTLER**

To Utah—by Hand

(Continued from page 27)

under his handcart today. One of the brethren shot a tame Elk for which he had to pay 50 dollars—rather an expensive shot.

5TH JULY: Remained all day in camp.

6TH JULY—SUNDAY: All day in camp. Brother Parker returned to the camp this morning having found his boy, whom he brought with him. The boy slept all night under a tree in the forest and felt not the dreadful thunderstorm which raged on that night. The next morning he made his way to a farmer's house, some 9 miles distant. The farmer took care of him until his father found him. Attended meeting today and heard several of the Elders speak.

7TH JULY: Left Silver Creek at ¼ 8, and had a very fatiguing journey of 20 miles. After 10 miles, 2 families gave out, being frightened at getting nothing for 3 days but Indian corn stirabout. They stopped at a farm house to work for 2 dollars per day and food. I feel really sore in my inside from eating nothing else for the above time, without anything with it, either milk or anything else.

8TH JULY: Started from Cruskato Creek at 6½ o'clock and travelled 20 miles. Camped at the Mormon camp at Florence City at 7½ o'clock. The company generally very fatigued. Found

some of Brother Elsworth's company lying insensible on the road. This day we traveled through a beautiful country and passed Council Bluffs, which put me in mind of the mountains of Killarney, Ireland. We saw the place where a great number of the Saints were driven from in 1848, and the little graveyard with many of the crude tombstones, on which one could scarcely read the names of some of our brethren who had fallen, perhaps by the hand of some ruffians. The homes in which they had lived were nearly all dilapidated and the tabernacle was a perfect ruin. When it was in good order it must have accommodated nearly 1000 people. At about 5 o'clock we reached the River Missouri, over which we were ferried by a small steamer.

NOTE: This camp originally was founded as the winter camp of the Mormons after the Saints were driven from Nauvoo. Until the transcontinental railroad was pushed beyond, it served as the final forwarding station west of the Missouri River.

9TH JULY: Camp all well. Several of the Brethren gone to work during the time they remain here.

10TH JULY: Went to work myself to dig a well, but was only employed for one day for which I got \$2. I was not sorry that the job was finished as my

You Can't Make them Honorary Members

BUT you can attest your regard for the leading citizens of your community who aren't Legionnaires by making it possible for them to read regularly THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE.

Outside the Legion in every town are leaders of public thought who are Legionnaires in spirit—men who, but for the accident of age or other circumstance, would be Legionnaires. They cannot join the Legion, much as they should wish to. Your post can not make them Honorary Members, because that is contrary to the Legion's national constitution. But you can do something for them—

The subscription price of THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE to non-members is \$1.30 a year. Address subscriptions to

The American Legion Magazine,
P. O. Box 1357,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

hands were in one flake of blisters, I had to work so hard. I found it somewhat worse than drawing the handcart.

11TH JULY: Went to Omaha to get a glass in my watch and went afterwards about 2 miles further on to see Sister Brannigan who was sewing at a farmer's house for \$3 per week and her board. On way I met with a camp of Indians, the Omahas. Went into their camp but they speak but very little English. They were very friendly. There were about 60 of them. The men are fine looking fellows but the women and children were very plain looking and dirty and perfectly naked. I gave them some tobacco and Brother Brower who was with me gave them some money.

12TH JULY: Went on camp guard from 9 o'clock P. M. till 12½.

13TH JULY: Went again to Omaha to get another glass in my watch, having broke the last one, paid 50 cents for glasses each time.

14TH JULY: Went to Bluffs City—10 miles—to try and sell my watch that I might buy a cow but did not succeed.

15TH JULY: The Sisters Lucas left the camp for good and went to Bluffs City to service, being determined not to go any further with the handcarts.

15TH JULY: Brother Lucas took a lot of ground in the City to build a house on, and got a farm of 350 acres of land 10 miles out on the prairie. He got all for nothing, simply for settling down on it. I was offered the same and a school with a yearly stipend if I would stop and take charge of it but of course I knew better than that. This day a German sister died of fever, 6 days' sickness.

16TH JULY: Brother Reid shot in the leg by a "Gentile."

17TH JULY: Brother Elsworth's company went out.

18TH JULY: The Welsh company is coming in tomorrow.

20TH JULY: The Welsh company came in today, 300 in number. Fifty stopped on the road.

21ST JULY: Some of Brother Elsworth's company came back and said they would not go any farther.

22D JULY: Spoke to Brother Lucas and tried to get him to come on but no use. He said he would not go any farther, this year.

23D JULY: Six of us carried in 800 bags of flour into the store. Hard work rather.

24TH JULY: Left Florence. Travelled 7 miles.

25TH JULY: Travelled 20 miles, to Elkhorn River, where we found a camp of Indians, many of whom came to meet us and were very friendly. The chief took my cart and drew it into camp about ¼ mile and although a tall strong looking man, it made the perspiration run down his face until it dropped on the ground. Many of the Indians got drunk in the night and commenced fighting among themselves, but not knowing what they were at we were all called out of our beds and ordered to load our guns. After watching for some time, all became quiet and we returned again to the arms of Morpheus. In the morning we heard that one of the Indians had been shot in the arm by one of his fellows, which we soon verified, their sending over to our camp to know if we had a doctor amongst us. Brother Eatkin went and dressed it.

26TH JULY: Crossed Elkhorn River by means of a very roughly constructed ferry. For the conveyance of us over, the company had to pay \$6. Travelled 15 miles without any water until we came to the Platte River, where the water was a joyful sight to (Continued on page 60)

FRITZ



DON'T BRUSH FALSE TEETH AND REMOVABLE BRIDGES!

CLEAN LIKE NEW with POLIDENT



WORKS LIKE MAGIC

Put plate or bridge in half a glass of water. Add a little Polident powder—and see stains and deposits go!

CLEAN and purify—actually recondition—artificial teeth with this harmless powder now recommended by dentists everywhere. It removes all stains, tarnish, mucin and odors without brushing. Helps remove that false, dead look—making teeth appear more "live" and natural.

No danger No acid. Made and guaranteed by famous Wernet Laboratories. Users say it's a blessing for comfort, convenience and hygiene. Long-lasting can 30c at drug stores. Money back if not delighted.



STAINS DEPOSITS TARNISH—DISSOLVED AWAY—RIGHT BEFORE YOUR EYES!

ASK YOUR DENTIST!



POLIDENT

There Is A Thrill in Touring When You...Take-



STOP Scratching

RELIEVE Itching of Insect Bites

Even the most stubborn itching of insect bites, athlete's foot, hives, scales, eczema, and other externally caused skin afflictions quickly yields to cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION**. Original formula of Doctor Dennis. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes the irritation and quickly stops the most intense itching. A 35c trial bottle, at all drug stores, proves it—or money back. Ask for **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION**.

FREE FOR ASTHMA AND HAY FEVER

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if Hay Fever keeps you sneezing and snuffing while your eyes water and nose discharges continuously, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

FRONTIER ASTHMA CO., 267-B FRONTIER BLDG.
462 NIAGARA ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.

20%

OFF!

on round-trip ocean passage

Join one of these special

LEGION PARTIES

TO EUROPE

AFTER THE CONVENTION

Two special American Legion parties benefit by this extraordinary reduction—sailing in the Laconia Sept. 24 . . . one led by Jos. B. Riley, Wilson Post, Kings County, N. Y.—another by Thos. J. Kennedy, Post 44, Roxbury, Mass., leader of the Massachusetts contingent in 1927. Round trips as low as \$236 Cabin, \$173 Tourist, \$127.50 Third. And the reduction applies on these other sailings:

Direct to France	Direct to England
Queen Mary . . .Sept. 22	SamariaOct. 1
Berengaria . . .Sept. 29	GeorgieOct. 2
Queen Mary . . .Oct. 6	SeythiaOct. 9

Another special Legionnaire party will sail with Mr. Chester Baum for a 9-day cruise to Nassau and Havana—Carinthia from N. Y. Sept. 22, 5 P. M., only \$85 up.

Book through the American Express Co., official transportation agency, your local agent or Cunard White Star Line, 25 Broadway and 638 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

CUNARD WHITE STAR

YOUR LATEST ADDRESS?

IS the address to which this copy of THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE was mailed correct for all near future issues? If not, please fill in this coupon and mail it to THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE, 777 No. Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind.

From August 1937, and until further notice, my mailing address for The American Legion Magazine is—

NEW ADDRESS

NAME

(PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

POST No.

DEPT.

OLD ADDRESS

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

To Utah—by Hand

(Continued from page 59)

many, being 6 or 7 hours under the burning sun without a drop to cool our tongues.

27TH JULY: Camped all day on the north bend of the Platte. Took a dose of castor oil which sickened me very much and kept me cantering for a long time.

28TH JULY: Rather weak this morning and terribly annoyed by two boils, one on my jaw about as big as pigeon egg and another on the calf of my leg which torments me very much when drawing the hand cart.

29TH JULY: Boils very sore this morning but must draw on the cart still. With such sores at home I would lie upon two chairs and never stir until they were healed. Started early this morning and travelled 20 miles.

30TH JULY: Started early this morning and travelled 12 miles to Loup-fork ferry, over which we had to ferry the cars and wagons and women and children. It was really funny to see some 50 of the Brethren hauling a large ferry boat over this ferry and when they would come to a deep place in the stream, all make a rush to get on to the boat, some succeeding, some tumbling in and others obliged to swim for it. It took 3½ hours to ferry all over. Camped on the other side.

31ST JULY: Left Loup-fork and travelled 20 miles without water. I was so exhausted with my sores and the labour of pulling that I was obliged to lie down for a few hours after arriving in camp before I could do anything. Kate was also so tired and fatigued out that she was glad to get lying down without any supper and I was not able to cook any for ourselves so we were obliged to do with a bit of bread and a pint of milk. This is the quantity of milk we have been allowed morning and evening since we left Florence. Sometimes it is less. Rather little for 5 persons.

While travelling this day, often was I near falling on the road for want of water, and with fatigue. Many did fall right down and some had to put into the wagons but many were obliged to wait until they recovered a little and foot it again. 8 o'clock when we got into camp.

1ST AUGUST: 23 miles over a bad road. No water, only what we carried. Sister Hardy from Scotland fainted on the road today.

2D AUGUST: Started early this morning and travelled 28 miles over a very bad road, having to pull the carts through heavy sand, sometimes for miles. We were obliged to carry water with us today. Camped on the open prairie without either wood or water and consequently had to go to bed supperless.

3D AUGUST—SUNDAY: Started at 5 o'clock without any breakfast and had to pull the carts through 6 miles of heavy

sand. Some places the wheels were up to the boxes and I was so weak from thirst and hunger and being exhausted with the pain of the boils that I was obliged to lie down several times, and many others had to do the same. Some fell down. I was very much grieved today, so much so that I thought my heart would burst—sick—and poor Kate—at the same time—crawling on her hands and knees, and the children crying with hunger and fatigue. I was obliged to take the children and put them on the hand cart and urge them along the road in order to make them keep up. About 12 o'clock a thunder storm came on, and the rain fell in torrents. In our tent we were standing up to our knees in water and every stitch we had was the same as if we were dragged through the river. Rain continued until 8 o'clock the following morning.

NOTE: There are no entries from August 4th to 12th inclusive.

13TH AUGUST: Started out at 10 o'clock and Kate was obliged to travel all day without a shift and nothing on but a shawl and petticoat and those half wet. Had to travel over a great many sand hills and camped on the wet ground in a wet blanket as well as to go to bed supperless. No wood to make a fire and very bad water. Went on the camp guard from 12 o'clock till 4.

14TH AUGUST: Started at 5½ o'clock without any breakfast. Travelled 8 miles and halted at the River Platte. Got breakfast and dried all our wet clothes and then travelled 14 miles more. A few days previous to this we met a man coming from California. He was deserted on the plains by his companions, who left him with nothing but a shirt and trousers which he had on. He was making his way as fast as he could to Council Bluffs. He was then 200 miles from it. We gave him some bread.

15TH AUGUST: Travelled 17 miles—5 miles sand.

16TH AUGUST: Started this morning before breakfast at 4½ o'clock. Stopped at 8 o'clock for breakfast. This morning an old woman belonging to our company was bitten by a rattlesnake in the leg and before half an hour her leg swelled to four times its thickness. She was administered to by the Elders and we started again, but unfortunately as we were starting another old woman was run over by one of the wagons. The front wheel went over her thighs and the back wheels over her shins, and singular to say, although the wagon was laden with 32 cwt. of flour, not one of her bones was broken. This day we had the most severe day's journey we had since we started and travelled over 20 miles of heavy sand hills or bluffs. Besides having to ford many streams. All seemed to be

fully worn out when they got into camp.

17TH AUGUST—SUNDAY: In camp all day. Spent the day mending my boots, and Kate was washing. This day, a German Sister died.

18TH AUGUST: Buried the girl and started out of camp at 5½ o'clock. Travelled 20 miles. 10 miles of sand today and had to ford 6 streams.

19TH — 20TH — 21ST — 22D — 23D — AUGUST: These five days we travelled at the rate of about 22 miles per day. Some days starting as early as 5 o'clock and never after 7. Most of those days we had heavy sandy roads. Sometimes for ten miles at a time.

AUGUST 24TH—SUNDAY: Camped all day at Chimney Rock. Spent the day mending my clothes and baking and cooking while Kate was washing and mending the children's clothes. On the 22d while we were on the road travelling, we were overtaken by a very heavy thunderstorm which wet us all to the skin, but as soon as it was over we went at it again and made a journey of 7 or 8 miles before we camped and then we had to lie on the wet grass all night, and go to bed supperless, there being no firewood to cook, the Buffalo chips being all wet. We had to ford 20 streams this week.

25TH—26TH—27TH AUGUST: Very heavy travelling through sand all the time at about 19 miles per day.

28TH AUGUST: After travelling 12 miles through sand, came to Fort Laramie where after crossing the river and getting some wet trousers and petticoats we remained all night. Passed many camps of Indians, all peaceable.

29TH—30TH AUGUST: These two days we travelled 50 miles. The 30th we crossed the Platte again to the north side. Remained in camp all day.

31ST AUGUST: Travelled 29 miles and crossed the Platte over to the south side.

1ST—2D—3D SEPTEMBER: Travelled at about 25 miles a day. On the 2d lost a German boy.

4TH SEPT.: Crossed Muddy Creek and travelled 20 miles and late in the evening forded the Platte again for the last time. For five days we were not in camp for an hour after night and we were always up at daybreak preparing to start at 5. We met the wagons at Deer Creek which were sent with flour from the Valley to meet us. There were 5 wagons, one for

each Company and each wagon had 1000 lbs. of flour in them. Two started for the Valley with our Company. German boy's father died.

SEPT. 5TH: Very wet today. Could not start it rained so much. Snow four feet deep on the mountains all around us.

SEPT. 21ST: From the 5th to the 21st, nothing particular occurred save the meeting of some wagons of flour from the valley for which we will have to pay at the rate of 18c per lb. when we get to the city. Conduct of the men from the Valley who came to meet us was disgraceful. Passed Independence Rock. Crossed Green River which we had to ford with many smaller ones. Met some other wagons and people coming to meet their friends in the Company. Travelled at the rate of about 25 miles per day. Two days we travelled 32 miles each. Camped last night at Fort Bridger where we remained until 10 o'clock today. We are now 113 miles from the city. Henry Bouning fell down and fainted yesterday under the hand cart from fatigue. Had to be carried into camp which we did not reach until 10 o'clock at night.

* * * * *

Thus the diary. Salt Lake City was a disappointment to Twiss Bermingham and his family. The following year he apostacized and returned to Florence, Nebraska, where he welcomed the post as school teacher which the previous summer he "of course knew better" than to take. In seven years' residence at Florence one of the three children who had made the long, hard journey died of scarlet fever. But five other children subsequently were born to the Berminghams, seven living to maturity. Four are still alive at this writing.

From Florence the growing family moved to Boston and later to New York City, where it prospered far above the average. For many years before his death at the turn of the century Twiss Bermingham held the title of Tax Commissioner of New York City.

Four of his grandsons wore the United States uniform in the World War. One of them, Rutledge B. Barry, who supplied the diary, was a first lieutenant in the 93d Aero Squadron of the Third Pursuit Group and is a former vice-commander of Westport (Connecticut) Post of The American Legion.

LEGIONNAIRE CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

HERBERT MORTON STOOPS: Jeff Feigl Post, New York City.

EUGENE F. McDONALD, JR.: Navy Post, Chicago.

JOHN BLACK: Joyce Kilmer Post, Brooklyn, New York.

EDDIE RICKENBACKER: Aviators Post, New York City.

HUGH O. HANNA, Department Commander of South Carolina: Hampton Post.

SAMUEL TAYLOR MOORE: Aviators Post, New York City.

JOHN J. NOLL: Capitol Post, Topeka, Kansas.

J. W. SCHLAIKJER: Winner (South Dakota) Post.

WILL GRAVEN: Advertising Men's Post, New York City.

LOWELL L. BALCOM: August Matthias Post, Norwalk, Connecticut.

Conductors of regular departments of the magazine, all of whom are Legionnaires, are not listed.



A KID COULD DO IT

THERE'S no use risking repair bills and ruining the efficiency of your motor. You can clean out the radiator and be sure of complete, cool circulation of water. Sani-Flush removes rust and lime deposits. It flushes out sludge and sediment. You can do it yourself in a few minutes.

Just pour a little Sani-Flush in the radiator. (Follow directions on the can.) Run the engine. Drain, flush and refill with clean water. Clean radiators regularly, twice a year. Sani-Flush cannot injure aluminum cylinder heads or motor fittings. Kept in most bathrooms for cleaning toilets. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores—25 and 10 cent sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush **Safe** **NOT CAUSTIC**
KEEPS RADIATORS CLEAN

SELL CHRISTMAS CARDS
WITH CHOICE OF VERSE AND
SENDER'S NAME IMPRINTED
ON EACH CARD

Finest personal line of beautiful new style greetings. Sensational low prices make selling easy. Big profit on every sale. Remember—no extra charge for choice of verse or imprinting name. Raise funds for your Post or Auxiliary. Send for Free Deluxe Portfolio Today.

CRESCENT CARD CO. Minneapolis, Minn.

INVESTIGATE
WORK FOR
U.S. GOVERNMENT

Ex-Service Men Get Preference

Thousands of openings yearly. Men—Women, age 18-50. Start \$105-\$175 month. Get ready now for next entrance test. Details FREE. Write

INSTRUCTION SERVICE, Dept. 110, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE SUITS Given as Bonus Besides
PANTS Large Cash Profits,
O'COATS Premiums and Gifts

Sell only (4) suits to get a FREE SUIT. No limit to number of FREE garments you may earn. Wholesale prices \$16.95 and up. Sample line FREE. No experience needed to make easy sales. All garments individually cut and tailored to measure. Satisfaction or money back guarantee.

★★★ Three Star Clothes, Inc. ★★★
330 S. Franklin St., Dept. Y-1, Chicago, Ill.

Fly Fishers' Catalog
New tackle, new flies, new nymphs, new equipment. Has 105 pages. Profusely illustrated. There are 14 full pages of hints, data, suggestions—invaluable to every fisherman. Just send your name and 4c in stamps.
PAUL H. YOUNG
1035 BERNING TACKE
8065-12 GRAND RIVER
DETROIT, MICH.

INDEX

of

ADVERTISERS

JULY 1937

American Express Company	63
American Products Company	64
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.	45
Bean, L. L.	52
Bernstein-Red Star Lines	64
Buyer's Free Information Service.....	50
Carter Medicine Company	49
College of Swedish Massage	64
Commonwealth Mfg. Corporation	45
Continental Distilling Corp. ...Cover III	
Crescent Card Company	61
Cunard White Star Ltd.	60
D. D. D. Corporation	59
Doan's Pills	57
Emblem Division	4
Ford Motor Company	3
Franklin Institute	45
French Line	54
Frontier Asthma	59
Gillette Safety Razor Company.....	51
Glover, H. Clay, Co., Inc.	49
Goodrich, B. F., Company	41
Hamburg-American Line-North German Lloyd	58
Heinz, H. J., Company	53
Instruction Bureau	61
Italian Line	56
Italian Tourist Information Office.....	37
LaSalle Extension University	63
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company Chesterfields	Cover IV
Mayflower Hotel	55
Metal Cast Products Company.....	63
Mothersill's Seasick Remedy	59
O'Brien, C. A., & Hyman Berman.....	63
Premier-Pabst Sales Company.....	43
Prudential Insurance Co. of America....	49
Rawleigh, W. T. Company.....	52
Reynolds, R. J. Tobacco Company Camels	Cover II
Sani-Flush	61
Savage Arms Corporation	57
Schick Dry Shaver, Inc.	39
Schlitz, Joseph, Brewing Company.....	6
Seagram Distillers Corporation	47
Studley, George W.	64
Superior Match Pants Company.....	64
Three Star Clothes	61
Trailer Supply Company	64
United States Lines	52
Wernet Dental Mfg. Company	59
Young, Paul H.	61

Victory Way

(Continued from page 39)

chmn., National Convention Corporation, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, Suite 3112, New York City.

NATL. ORGANIZATION WORLD WAR NURSES—Annual reunion breakfast, Tues., Sept. 21; executive meeting, Sun. evening, Sept. 19. Maude F. Mann, comdr., 120 Ward st., Paterson, N. J.

THE NATIONAL YEOMEN F.—Annual meeting and reunion. Mrs. Irene M. Brown, chmn., Room 2307, 26 Broadway, New York City.

AMERICAN LEGION FOUNDERS—Reunion dinner. Send names and addresses of all delegates to Paris and St. Louis caucuses to Col. Hubert J. Turney, Engrs. bldg., Cleveland, O.

Soc. of FIRST Div.—Annual national convention and reunion. Joseph V. McCabe, 111 Broadway, New York City.

3d Div.—Reunion dinner for all 3d Div. vets under auspices of N. Y. Branch, S. H. Kornbluth, pres., 506 W. 213th st., New York City.

4TH Div. Assoc.—National reunion. Hotel Pennsylvania, New York City, Sept. 19-23. Carlton E. Dunn, reunion chmn., 5514-160th st., Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.

26TH (YD) VETS.—A second 1937 reunion at the Legion national convention. Benjamin Pitman, pres., N. Y. Chapter YD, 74 West Park pl., Stamford, Conn.

27TH Div. Assoc.—Reunion and dinner. Hotel McAlpin, New York City, afternoon and evening, Sept. 20. For details and copy of the *Orion Messenger*, official publication, write to Eugene R. Collins, Observer bldg., Troy, N. Y.

29TH Div. Assoc.—Proposed national convention reunion. H. J. Lepper, adjt., 343 High st., Newark, N. J.

RAINBOW (42d) Div. VETS.—Reunion and dinner under auspices Father Duffy Chapter, New York City. Theodore L. White, jr., Room 1006, 220 Broadway, New York City.

77TH Div. Assoc.—National reunion and open house at 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City. Reunion dinner on Sept. 22d. Send name, address and outfit to Jack Kantor, chmn., reunion comm., 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

82d Div. Assoc.—National reunion, Sept. 21, during convention. R. J. McBride, secy., 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

WAR Soc. of 89TH Div.—Hq. to be established during convention in New York, where all veterans may register and meet friends. Address Morton T. Jones, secy., 301 W. 11th st., Kansas City, Mo.

5TH ENGRS.—Vets interested in reunion and permanent organization, write to A. R. Bolger, 35 Devonshire court, Rochester, N. Y.

FORESTRY ENGRS. (10TH, 20TH, 41st, 42d and 43d ENGRS.)—Proposed reunion and permanent organization during New York national convention. J. W. Tillotson, Elmsford, N. Y.

14TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—John R. Power, chmn., of reunion, 44 Jamaica st., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

17TH ENGRS. (Ry.)—Proposed reunion. Mark W. Van Sickel, Ohio Dept. bldg., Columbus, Ohio.

21st ENGRS. L. R. Soc.—F. G. Webster, secy-treas., 6819-a Prairie av., Chicago, Ill.

23d ENGRS. ASSOC.—Reunion, Hotel Astor, New York City, with Metropolitan New York group as host. 23d Engrs. Assoc., Hotel Astor, New York City.

35TH ENGRS.—Proposed reunion. Fred Krahnbuhl, 1310 Hanover st., Hamilton, Ohio.

39TH ENGRS.—13th annual reunion, Hotel Piccadilly, New York City, Tues., Sept. 21. Charles M. Karl, secy-treas., 11640 Princeton av., Chicago, Ill.

42d ENGRS.—Reunion. Daniel J. Boyle, pres., Peabody, Mass.; Vic MacKenzie, secy., A. L. Natl. Conv. Corp., 30 Rockefeller Plaza, Suite 3112, New York City.

52d ENGRS.—Reunion. Marve E. Pearce, 8602 Central av., Tampa, Fla.

55TH ENGRS.—Reunion. I. A. Klarnetsky, Box 73, Blackwood, N. J.

60TH ENGRS.—6th annual reunion during convention. D. E. Gallagher, 812 E. 21st st., Little Rock, Ark.

121TH ENGRS.—Proposed reunion. Raymond G. Fey, 109 Shepherd av., Brooklyn, N. Y.

502d BN., ENGRS.—Reunion and permanent organization. Wm. J. M. Yingling, 24 E. King st., Littletown, Adams Co., Pa.

605TH ENGRS.—Proposed reunion. E. W. Barnes, ex-capt., 45 Bleeker st., Newark, N. J.

3d ENGRS., Co. F—Proposed reunion. Oscar E. Heal, 2 Riverside ct., Milo, Maine, or J. S. Buswell, 314 Warren st., Waltham, Mass.

54TH ENGRS., Co. B (Ry.)—Proposed reunion at convention. John E. Walsh, 23 Commercial st., Worcester, Mass.

121st ENGRS., Co. B—Reunion. John J. Curran, 32-35 30th st., Astoria, L. I., N. Y.

20TH U. S. INF. VETS.—Extra 1937 reunion. Charles F. Tully, 315 Fairfield av., Ridgewood, N. J.

48TH INF.—Proposed convention reunion. Harry McBride, 39 Mulberry av., Newport News, Va.

50TH INF.—Proposed regimental reunion. David Turpin, 198 Grady av., Athens, Ga., or George S. Brown, 53 First st., Newark, N. J.

52d INF.—Reunion. Co. B men invited particularly. P. J. Cingerana, 885-9th av., New York City.

326TH INF., Co. E—Proposed reunion. Sam Schroeter, Court House, Mineola, N. Y.

4TH BN., INF. Co. O. T. S., CAMP PIKE, ARK.—Jos. B. Milgram, 18 Lake av., Sheephead Bay, Brooklyn, N. Y.

52d PIONEER INF.—Annual reunion. N. J. Brooks, 2 West 45th st., New York City.

Co. B, FOURTH CORPS ART. PARK—Proposed reunion. Leonard P. Lester, 207 Spruce st., Audubon, N. J.

3d F. A., BTRY. B—Proposed reunion. Paul K. Fuhrman, 525 E. Walnut st., Hanover, Pa.

81st F. A.—Reunion in Ala. Dept. Hq. hotel, New York City. Frank E. Graham, 1725-31st st., Ensley Sta., Birmingham, Ala.

304TH F. A.—All vets invited to visit 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City. J. M. Latimer, comdr., 304th F. A. Post, 329 Fifth av., New York City.

307TH F. A., BTRY. D, 78TH Div.—Reunion. John Wortley, 225 Second st., South Amboy, N. J.

334TH F. A., 87TH Div.—Proposed reunion. Joseph J. Turek, 29 Broad st., Elizabeth, N. J.

1ST SEP. BRIG., Co. A. Assoc.—Reorganization banquet and reunion. William G. Kuenzel, 678 S. East st., Holyoke, Mass.

1ST and 2d COS., SYRACUSE VET., and 28TH C. A. Co.—Proposed reunion. Frank A. Vancini, Post Office, Plymouth, Mass.

42d BRIG. Hq., C. A. (1st station, Camp Eustis)—Proposed reunion. Report to Maj. W. J. Gilbert, Fort Hamilton, Brooklyn, N. Y.

304TH AMMUN. TRN., Co. F, 79TH Div.—H. H. Sanders, postmaster, Borden, S. C.

312TH AMMUN. TRN., Co. G.—Ralph S. Heaton, Piermont rd., Closter, N. J.

102d F. S. BN.—Reunion. Address Adjt., Signal Post, A. L. 100 E. 34th st., New York City.

104TH F. S. BN.—Proposed reunion. George Deecan, secy., 2855 Boulevard, Jersey City, N. J.

104TH F. S. BN., Cos. A, B, C and MED. DET.—David A. Nimmo, 75 Montgomery st., Jersey City, N. J.

302d F. S. BN.—Reunion Hq. at 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City. Jos. W. Smith, secy., care of clubhouse.

52d TEL. BN., S. C.—Vets of Cos. D & E and Hq. Det. Harold T. Beal, 28 Oak st., Brewster, N. Y.

401st TEL. BN.—Proposed reunion. Edward B. Geary, 10 Old Orchard rd., Saco, Maine.

404TH TEL. BN.—Proposed reunion. Write to Leonard E. Stanton, 469 DeWitt av., Belleville, N. J.

418TH TEL. BN., S. C.—Write to Alderman C. H. Robillard, City Hall, New York City.

1ST DEPOT BN., S. C. RES., Ft. Wood, N. Y.—Reunion at 165th Armory, New York City. Silas A. Waddell, 627 Chislet st., Pittsburgh, Pa.

ORDNANCE DET., DOMGERMAIN—5th reunion. Fabian F. Levy, 419 W. Upsal st., Philadelphia, Pa.

CHATHAM (MASS.) AIR STA.—Reunion. Louis White, 240 Centre st., Room 115, New York City.

24TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion. Henry J. Fiset, 108 Byers st., Springfield, Mass.

95TH AERO SQDRN., 1ST PURSUIT GROUP—G. C. Talmage, 20 N. Green st., East Stroudsburg, Pa.

96TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion. Carl C. Blanchard, Farmington, N. H.

113TH AERO SQDRN., SQRN. C—A. K. Westbrook, Hobart Mfg. Co., 71 Madison av., New York City.

BEAUMONT OVERSEAS CLUB, INC., 200-201st (496-497TH) AERO SQDRNS.—20th annual reunion, New York City, Sept. 18, at McAlpin Hotel, which will also be Hq. during convention. Warren E. Wastie, secy., 6 Cedar st., Lynbrook, L. I., N. Y.

225TH AERO SQDRN.—L. J. Ford, 628 W. York st., Philadelphia, Pa.

309TH AERO SQDRN.—Waldo E. Merritt, 2 Church st., Allentown, N. J.

456TH AERO SQDRN.—William A. Skinner, 75 Cedar st., Bangor, Maine.

619TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion. Sgt. George Mitton, Ladd, Ill.

190TH, 191st and 343d AERO SQDRNS. (2d Prov. Wing, PARK PLACE, TEX.)—Reunion. Joe Palladine, 118 N. Pittsburgh st., Connellsville, Pa.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MIL. AERONAUTICS, GRADUATING CLASS 5, GEORGIA TECH.—Frank G. Folsom, U. S. Nav. Torpedo Sta., Newport, R. I.

A. S. C. 3d Co., Hq. BN., TOURS, FRANCE—Reunion. Hotel Pennsylvania, New York City. James B. Sullivan, 5705 5th st., N. W., Washington, D. C.

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Annual reunion. Harlo R. Hollenbeck, 117 Seedorf st., Battle Creek, Mich.

TANK CORPS VETS.—Reunion and dinner under auspices Tank Corps Post, A. L., Henry W. Bell-smith, adjt., P. O. Box 589, Islip, L. I., N. Y.

CHEMICAL WARFARE SERV. (Edgewood Arsenal and elsewhere)—Reunion and organization. George W. Nichols, R. 3, Box 75, Kingston, N. Y.

1ST GAS REGT.—Proposed reunion. Leo Meyerowitz, 51 Chambers st., New York City.

3d ARMY M. P. BN. (COBLENZ)—Reunion and organization. C. P. McGee, New Iberia, La.

FIRE TRUCK and Hose Co. 324—Harry C. Davis, 71 Main st., Ashland, Mass.

3d HEAVY MOB. ORP. REPAIR SHOP—Reunion. F. S. Earnshaw, Moundsville, W. Va.

Q. M. DEPOT No. 8, ADV. SEC., QUAI DE LONGSIC, DIJON, FRANCE—Reunion. David E. Posner, Suite 202, 6 State st., Rochester, N. Y.

314TH SUP. Co., Q. M. C.—Arthur Booth, 1801 Natl. Bank bldg., Detroit, Mich.

318TH SUP. Co., Q. M. C.—Annual reunion. William (Speed) Leckie, R. 1, Wantagh, L. I., N. Y.

319TH SUP. Co., Q. M. C.—Milton Gordon, 300 Madison av., Room 604, New York City.

324TH SUP. Co.—Arthur C. Dennison, 1343 Princeton av., Philadelphia, Pa.

325TH SUPPLY Co., Q. M. C. and Q. M. Office. CAMP DE MEUCON—Reunion, T. F. McNamara, 161 W. 36th st., New York City.

M. T. C. Verneuil Vets.—Proposed reunion. Eugene L. Blumenreich, 345 W. 34th st., New York City.

414TH MOTOR TRUCK Co.—Ed. S. McGinnis, 215 E. Brown st., Norristown, Pa.

Co. A, 439TH MOTOR SUP. TRN., M. T. C.—First national reunion. Other companies invited. H. Frank Jones, 395 Broadway, New York City.

MOTOR TRUCK Co. 466, M. S. T. 417—Stephen S. Stasiowski, 34 Monroe st., Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts.

302ND TRENCH MORTAR BTRY.—Sgt. (Rev.) Walter F. Hoffman, Haverstraw, N. Y.

SERV. PARK UNIT 381, CAMP UPTON, N. Y.—Reunion. Frank Greenspan, 202 E. 100th st., New York City.

311TH REPAIR UNIT, Co. C, M. T. C.—Proposed reunion. J. W. Jones, Box 11, Elba, N. Y.

CAMP ROCHAMBEAU, ST. PIERRE-DES-CORPS, TOURS, FRANCE—Reunion. John J. Santry, secy., 202 Pond st., So. Weymouth, Mass.

PERSONNEL, RAILROAD, 10TH AREA, ROLAMPONT, A. E. F.—Proposed reunion. Ernest R. Vader, 132 E. Lincoln av., Oshkosh, Wis.

BASE HOSP. No. 44—Reunion. Thomas McGann, 296 Allston st., Brookline, Mass.

BASE HOSP. No. 116—19th annual reunion, Hotel McAlpin, New York City, Sat., Sept. 18. Dr. Torr W. Harmer, 415 Marlborough st., Boston, Mass.

BASE HOSP. No. 136—5th annual reunion. Grover C. Potts, 947 Keswick blvd., Louisville, Ky.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 14—J. Charles Melroy, Room 3050, Grand Central Terminal, New York City.

BASE HOSP., CAMP DIX—Register with Henry C. Mades, Highfield rd., Colonia, N. J.

BASE HOSP., CAMP A. A. HUMPHREYS—Wilfred J. Harris, 1928 Bristol court, Scranton, Pa.

CAMP SEVIER (S. C.) BASE HOSP. ASSOC.—Reunion dinner, Hotel Governor Clinton, New York City. Wm. F. Alexander, Jr., Kearney, N. J.

CONV. HOSP. No. 4, NICE, FRANCE—Proposed reunion. Rex Martin, Blacksburg, Va.

VET. HOSP. No. 6—Proposed reunion. Colenzo H. Hoffmire, ex-capt., Adrian, Mich.

WALTER REED HOSP., WASHINGTON, D. C.—Reunion of vets in Wards 12, 13, 18 and 53, during 1919. Chris Evensen, Box 121, Templeton, Mass.

CLUB CAMP HOSP. 52—4th annual reunion and banquet. Write Miss Sarah Lawrence, hostess chmn., 45 Prospect pl., New York City.

U. S. ARMY AMB. CORPS SEC. 646 (NORTON HARRIS SEC. 5)—Proposed reunion banquet, Sept. 21. Schenck Simpson, The American Rolling Mill Co., Middletown, Ohio.

GRAVES REG. SERV. UNIT 304—Proposed reunion, Sept. 21. C. F. Pitt, 373 Fourth av., New York City.

SIXTH BATTLE SQDRN., GRAND FLEET—Reunion of vets of U. S. S. New York, Texas, Wyoming, Arkansas, Florida and Delaware. C. Ivar Peterson, C. O. Miller Co., Stamford, Conn.

NORTH SEA SUICIDE FLEET (MINE-SWEEPERS)—Reunion of officers and men. Murry Wolfe, Gerald V. Carroll Post, A. L., Passaic, N. J.

U. S. NAV. AIR STA., KILLINGHOLME, ENG.—Shipmates dinner. Dave Grant, 4532 Deming pl., Chicago, Ill., or K. Van Court, Madison, N. J.

S. S. Coamo, ARMED GUARD—Proposed reunion. George Shanks, 81 Wilson st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

U. S. S. Aztec—Reunion. Edw. M. Manookian, 7 Stevens st., Malden, Mass.

U. S. S. Connecticut—Reunion and organization. F. N. Knight, Box 487, Closter, N. J.

U. S. S. Elcano, ASIATIC STA.—Bert M. Mooney, 136 Passaic st., Trenton, N. J.

U. S. S. Essex—Proposed reunion of vets of crew. Report to H. R. Schaeffer, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City.

U. S. S. Algonquin—Proposed reunion. Vets write to Malcolm Letts, ex-shipswriter, 3532-6th av., Los Angeles, Calif.

U. S. S. George Washington—Reunion. Andrew Butterworth, 89-88 214th pl., Hollis, L. I., N. Y.

U. S. S. Housatonic, NORTH SEA MINE FORCE—Ross H. Currier, 108 Massachusetts av., Boston, Mass.

U. S. S. Indiana—C. V. Gallagher, Monroe, Mich.

U. S. S. Iowa—Wendell R. Lerch, 400 Front st., Berea, Ohio.

U. S. S. Leviathan—Proposed reunion and dinner dance of vets of crew, Sept. 21. Those who will attend convention report to H. R. Schaeffer, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City.

U. S. S. Mohican—Edward Emmons, 38 Orchard rd., Chatham, N. J.

U. S. S. Nevada—Proposed reunion. Jesse H. Davis, Stanton, Tenn.

U. S. S. New Jersey—Proposed reunion. Ralph Scott, Route 3, Pendleton, Ind.

U. S. S. Niagara—Irving E. Ellis, 26 Robert st., New Britain, Conn.

U. S. S. Oostertijk—Proposed reunion. G. A. Starling, 903 E. 39th st., Savannah, Ga.

U. S. S. Paducah—1st reunion of vets, 1916-19. Harry A. Fairbrother, Hawthorne, N. J.

U. S. S. Plattsburg—Daniel F. Dugan, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

U. S. S. Quinnebaug (NORTH SEA MINE-LAYER)—Edward J. Stewart, New York Times, 229 W. 43d st., New York City.

U. S. S. Rijndam—Proposed reunion. James F. McKeegan, 145 Greenpoint av., Brooklyn, N. Y.

U. S. S. San Diego—Proposed reunion of Marine det. D. Miller White, Marshalltown, Iowa.

U. S. S. Seattle—Proposed reunion. Henry P. Fink, 5 Park st., Easthampton, Mass.

U. S. S. Susquehanna—Carl Spencer, Ocean View, Norfolk, Va.

U. S. S. Volunteer—Proposed reunion. Report to Edward J. Burns, 377 Fifth av., San Francisco, Calif.

U. S. S. Westover—Reunion of survivors. Frank C. Benna, 701 Madison st., Oak Park, Ill.

U. S. S. Wilhelmina—Walter G. Peterson, Josephthal & Co., 120 Broadway, New York City.

U. S. S. Athena—Reunion of survivors. G. E. Pitney, 48 Davenport av., Greenwich, Conn.

U. S. SUB-CHASER No. 23—Thomas J. Hutton, Pompton Lakes, N. J.

U. S. SUB-CHASER No. 25 (also other chasers in fleet)—Proposed reunion. Fred Catuna 1525 E. 26th st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

U. S. SUB-CHASER No. 90—John C. Perry, Acushnet rd., Mattapoisett, Mass.

U. S. SUB-CHASER No. 174—Proposed reunion of vets of crew. Report to H. R. Schaeffer, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City.

U. S. SUB-CHASER No. 252—E. L. Anderson, 92 E. Elm av., Wollaston, Mass.

U. S. SUB-CHASERS 343- (Continued on page 64)



AMERICAN LEGION PILGRIMAGE TO EUROPE

FOR STEAMSHIP RESERVATIONS,
INFORMATION ABOUT CERTIFI-
CATES OF ELIGIBILITY, LAND
ARRANGEMENTS AND TOURS,
apply to the AMERICAN EXPRESS
COMPANY, appointed *official Legion
Transportation Agent.*

SAILING DATES: September
22nd to October 9th. *SPECIAL
REDUCED ROUND-TRIP STEAM-
SHIP RATES FOR LEGIONNAIRES.*

Address any office of the

AMERICAN EXPRESS

or the

AMERICAN LEGION FOREIGN PILGRIMAGE COMMITTEE

180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.



INVENTORS

Do you feel you have a valuable invention? A novel invention may produce something salable if patented. Are you groping in the dark—getting nowhere? Learn how other men with inventions attained success. Write for our FREE Book, "Patent Guide for the Inventor" which tells you of fields where inventions bring profits if they are good patented ones.

CLARENCE A. O'BRIEN & HYMAN BERMAN
Registered Patent Attorneys
2471 ADAMS BLDG. WASHINGTON, D. C.

HAVE YOU SOME SPARE ROOM

a basement or garage where you can do light work? We can offer you a profitable proposition for 1937 casting 5 and 10c novelties, ashtrays, toy autos, etc., as Manufacturer for firm of many years standing. No experience necessary and small outlay starts you so if you mean strictly business and are interested in devoting your spare or full time to profitable work write at once as we are now closing arrangements for supply of our goods.

METAL CAST PRODUCTS CO.
1696 Boston Road Dept. 9, New York, N. Y.

HOME-STUDY BUSINESS TRAINING

Your opportunity can never be bigger than your preparation. Prepare now and reap the rewards in earlier and larger success. Free 64-Page Book *Tell How*. Write now for book you want, or mail coupon with your name and address in margin today.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Higher Accountancy | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondence |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mod. Salesmanship | <input type="checkbox"/> Credit and Collection Correspondence |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Foremanship |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Law: Degree of LL.B. | <input type="checkbox"/> Expert Bookkeeping |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law | <input type="checkbox"/> C. P. A. Coaching |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Mgm't | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Rail. Station Mgm't | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenotypy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Paper Salesmanship | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Effective Speaking |

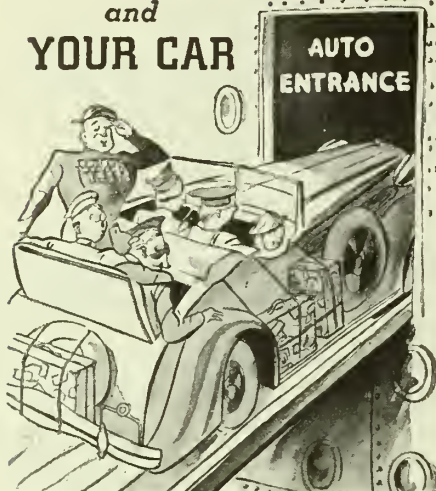
LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
Dept. 7361-R Chicago



THE SALUTING DEMON OF THE A. E. F. TRUMPS AN
ACE IN PARIS, 1918—CAPTAIN "EDDIE" RICKENBACKER—

BRING YOUR BUDDIES

and
YOUR CAR



A PARTY OF 4 **\$169.74** EACH
WITH CAR **ROUND TRIP**
TOURIST CLASS

Motoring in Europe is as easy as in America and shipping your car with us is as simple as driving into your own garage. We will handle all details. And you'll have the time of your life sailing the friendly "one class run-of-the-ship" way to Europe. Land at Antwerp (4 hours from Paris) and see Belgium at no extra cost.

ARNOLD BERNSTEIN
RED STAR LINES
17 BATTERY PLACE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Learn Profitable Profession
in 90 days at Home

Salaries of Men and Women in the fascinating profession of Swedish Massage run as high as \$40 to \$70 per week but many prefer to open their own offices. Large incomes from Doctors, hospitals, sanitariums and private patients come to those who qualify through our training. Reducing alone offers rich rewards for specialists. Write for Anatomy Charts, sample lesson sheets and booklet—They're FREE.

THE College of Swedish Massage
16 N. Ashland, Dept. 9-75, Chicago
(Successor to National College of Massage)

AGENTS UP TO \$50 IN A WEEK

Big cash profits for you; full or spare time. Over 250 household necessities—things people must buy. Proven fast sellers; steady repeaters; earnings very first day. **FORD TUDOR SEDAN GIVEN YOU AS BONUS.** I'll show you how to start at once; send me everything—Big Display Outfit and quick cash plans. Details FREE—no obligation. Just send name on postcard.

ALBERT MILLS, 4043 Mcmounth Ave., Cincinnati, O.

TRAILER BUILDERS·BUYERS·OWNERS
TRAILER Send 25c for this Big Book!

Over 100 pages! Beautifully Printed and Illustrated. Trailer ideas and suggestions galore! Catalog shows America's greatest line of Trailer Parts and Equipment at lowest prices. Send 25c today. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Trailer Supply Co., Box 438-L, Wausau, Wis.

BUILD IT YOURSELF
Jim Dandy Cabin Cruiser

The Trailer that has everything! Classy! Roomy! Easy to Build any size at low cost! Mail a dollar bill today for the Complete Plans and Instructions.

Jim Dandy, Box 125-L, Wausau, Wis.

WE MATCH PANTS
To Any Suit!

Double the life of your coat and vest with correctly matched pants, 100,000 patterns. Every pair hand tailored to your measure. Our match sent FREE for your O. K. before pants are made. Fit guaranteed. Send piece of cloth or vest today.

SUPERIOR MATCH PANTS COMPANY
209 S. State St. Dept. 583 Chicago

FREE MEDAL BOOK

200 illustrations of medals and insignia, with complete information regarding the issue of all medals, and when and how to wear them correctly. During the National Convention in New York City my display will be at the Pennsylvania Hotel and all members are invited to see this large collection of medals, and secure such items that they have lost or worn out. Victory Medal \$1.50, Battle Clasps 25c each, Discharge Buttons, Sterling and Bronze 35c each. All U. S. Ribbons 30c each, Ribbon Bars 25c each ribbon.

GEORGE W. STUDLEY
601 Lake Ave. Rochester, N. Y.

Victory Way

(Continued from page 63)

4-5-6—Walter (Buck) Fulmer, 4405 Unruh st., Philadelphia, Pa.
U. S. SUB. FLOTILLA, 8TH DIV.—Albert W. Lawton, Jr., 179 Green st., Fairhaven, Mass.
U. S. NAV. BASE 29, CARDIFF—P. H. Tuttle, P. O. Box 305, Somerville, N. J.
U. S. N. R. F., ANNAPOLIS RIFLE RANGE—Ernest Dalman, 121 Crescent st., Allegan, Mich.
U. S. N. PROVING GROUND, INDIAN HEAD, MD.—F. G. Dawson, 5740 Woodrow, Detroit, Mich.
SYRACUSE (N. Y.) CAMP BAND and Hq. Co.—Al Pearson, Legion Club, Mankato, Minn.
VETS. of A. E. F. SIBERIA—Reunion-banquet, Sept. 21. Claude P. Deal, 920 Chester Williams bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.
LEGION LAST MAN'S CLUBS—47th Last Man's Club, Cook Co., Chicago, Ill., will entertain all Last Man's Clubs of Legion. Walter Schalk, secy., 11 E. Hubbard st., Chicago, Ill.
AMERICAN VETERANS OF FOREIGN ALLIED ARMIES—Proposed reunion. R. J. Lewis, Apache Hotel bldg., Las Vegas, Nev.
HAWAIIAN LEGIONNAIRES—Present and former members of Hawaiian Legion Posts who plan to march in national convention parade are requested to write to Major W. J. Gilbert, past comdr., Fort Hamilton, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NOTICES of reunions and other activities at times and places other than the Legion National Convention follow:

2d Div. Assoc.—19th annual reunion. William Penn Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., July 15-17. James L. Sykes, chmn., 213 Coltart st., Pittsburgh. Special reunion train leaves Chicago, July 14th. Write to Geo. V. Gordon, 5814 Winthrop av., Chicago, Ill.
SOC. of 3d (MARNE) DIV.—18th annual reunion and convention, Wardman Park Hotel, Washington, D. C., July 15-18. Wm. A. Shomaker, secy., conv. comm., 3811 25th pl., N. E., Washington. Free copy of *The Watch on the Rhine* will be sent upon request.
4TH DIV. Assoc., CALIF. CHAP.—7th annual state reunion during Legion Dept. convention, Stockton, Calif., Aug. 8. Edw. J. Maire, pres., 1170 N. Cummings st., Los Angeles, Calif.
4TH DIV. Assoc., OHIO CHAP.—Annual reunion and banquet, Chittenden Hotel, Columbus, Ohio, Aug. 16, during Ohio Dept. Legion Convention. W. D. Steele, chmn., 6161 Westerville rd., Westerville, Ohio.
SOC. of 5TH DIV.—Annual reunion, Hotel New Yorker, New York City, Sept. 4-6. Walter E. Aebischer, chmn., 1201 University av., New York City.
SOC. of 28TH DIV.—Annual reunion, New Castle, Pa., Aug. 5-7. All vets of 28th invited. Frank T. Sargent, secy.-treas., 444 Neshannock av., New Castle.
30TH DIV. A. E. F. Assoc.—20th anniversary reunion, Greenville, S. C., Sept. 29-30. Broadus Bailey, Box 562, Greenville.
34TH (SANDSTORM) DIV.—Reunion, Des Moines, Iowa, Aug. 2-4 (changed from Aug. 8-10). Lacey Darnell, Webster City, Iowa.
37TH DIV. A. E. F. VETS. Assoc.—19th annual reunion, Desher-Wallack Hotel, Columbus, Ohio, Sept. 4-6. All vets eligible. Yearly dues of one dollar brings you the official publication, *The Division News*. Report to James A. Sterner, secy., 1101 Wyandotte bldg., Columbus. Also look for divisional headquarters at Legion National Convention in New York City.
RAINBOW (42d) DIV. VETS.—National convention and reunion, Columbus, Ohio, July 12-14. Sharon C. Cover, natl. secy., 4643 Nottingham rd., Detroit, Mich.
76TH DIV. A. E. F.—Vets interested in organization of association, report to Frank Forbes, 49 Newcastle rd., Brighton, Mass. Vets of 248th M. P. Co. are also requested to contact Forbes.
80TH DIV. VETS. Assoc.—20th anniversary reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., July 29-Aug. 1. L. Powell, res. secy., Natl. Hq., 413 Plaza bldg., Pittsburgh.
127TH INF. VETS. Assoc.—Biennial convention, Beloit, Wisc., Aug. 21-22 (changed from Aug. 7-8). William N. Waugh, pres., Box 484, Beloit.
138TH INF.—Annual reunion, Btry. A Armory, St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 14. Harry J. Dierker, sgt. of guard, 2813 Maurer dr., Velda Village, St. Louis County, Mo.
313TH INF.—20th anniversary reunion, Baltimore, Md., Sept. 25-26. 313th Inf. Reunion Assoc., 924 St. Paul st., Baltimore.
332d INF. Assoc.—Annual reunion, Akron, Ohio, Sept. 4-5. F. W. Cowles, secy., 59 Casterton av., Akron.
355TH INF.—Annual reunion, North Platte, Nebr., Sept. 12-13. Albert P. Schwarz, secy., Lincoln, Nebr.
128TH INF., Co. A—Annual reunion, Neilsville, Wisc., July 24-25. Arthur F. Frange, secy.-treas., Reedsburg, Wisc.
129TH INF., Hq. Co.—5th annual reunion vets and families, Chicago, Ill., Sept. 12. George W. Burton, 111 W. Washington st., Chicago.
129TH INF., Co. A—6th annual reunion, Annie's Woods, DeKalb, Ill., Aug. 1. A. W. Leonard, secy., 824 N. 4th, DeKalb.
134TH INF., Co. I (5TH NEBR.)—Reunion-picnic, Arcadia, Nebr., Aug. 30. C. W. Clark, Ord, Nebr.
357TH INF., Co. M—Reunion in Wichita Natl.

Forest, 20 miles N.W. of Lawton, Okla., July 24-25. Martin G. Kizer, secy., Apache, Okla.
56TH PIONEER INF. Assoc.—6th annual reunion, Monroe, N. C., Aug. 6. John R. Winchester, secy., Monroe.
313TH M. G. BN.—Reunion, Erie, Pa., Sun., Aug. 1. L. E. Welk, 210 Commerce bldg., Erie.
11TH F. A.—Annual reunion, Columbus, Ohio, Sept. 4-6. R. C. Dickieson, 6140 Saunders st., Elmhurst, N. Y.
117TH F. A.—Bowley's Artillery reunion with 2d Div. reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., July 15-17. P. C. Nessbaum, 114-59 211th st., St. Albans, L. I., N. Y.
312TH F. A. Assoc.—Annual banquet and reunion, Hotel Emerson, Baltimore, Md., Oct. 16. Memorial window installation service in chapel at Fort Meade, Md., Oct. 17. C. C. McClain, chmn., Penn. bldg., Philadelphia, Pa. Write L. A. Lees, editor, 1468 Drayton Lane, Penn-Wynne (Phila. P. O.), Pa. for copy of *The Monthly Barrage*, official paper.
322d F. A. Assoc.—18th annual reunion, Miamisburg, Ohio, Sept. 11. L. B. Fritsch, secy., P. O. Box 324, Hamilton, Ohio, or Dr. Fail K. Butt, pres., Miamisburg.
324TH F. A.—Annual reunion, Springfield, Ohio, Aug. 7-8. W. W. Rouch, chmn., Springfield, or H. W. Chivers, 40 W. Gay St., Columbus, Ohio.
328TH F. A. VETS. Assoc.—14th annual reunion, Hotel Durant, Flint, Mich., Sept. 4-6. Leonard J. Lynch, adjt., 1747 Madison av., S. E., Grand Rapids, Mich.
60TH C. A. C., BTRY. A—Annual reunion, Russells Point, Ohio, Aug. 1. Rolland E. Cook, 1000 N. Mich. st., Plymouth, Ind.
313TH F. S. BN.—Annual reunion, Chamberlain Hotel, Des Moines, Iowa, Oct. 2. Dr. Chas. L. Jones, secy., Gilmore City, Iowa.
12TH ENGRS.—20th anniversary reunion, St. Louis, Mo., July 1-3. John J. Barada, secy., 4998 Fairview av., St. Louis.
19TH ENGRS. (RY.), Co. D.—Proposed 20th anniversary reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., in Aug. Frank R. Elliott, 1807 N. Camac st., Philadelphia.
34TH ENGRS. VETS. Assoc.—Annual reunion, Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., Sept. 5. George Remple, secy., 2521 N. Main st., Dayton, Ohio.
109TH ENGRS. Assoc.—Biennial reunion, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Oct. 2-3 (correction from Oct. 23). L. O. Tisdale, secy.-treas., 1718 Park av., S. E., Cedar Rapids.
308TH ENGRS. VET. Assoc.—17th annual reunion, Coshocton, Ohio, Aug. 7-8. Lee W. Staffler, 1406 Campbell st., Sandusky, Ohio.
308TH MOTOR SUP. TRN.—Annual reunion, Warren, Ohio, Sept. 4-6. Albert G. Vetter, 2849 Detroit av., Toledo, Ohio.
309TH MOTOR SUP. TRN. Soc., Cos. C and F—Reunion, Neil House, Columbus, Ohio, Aug. 7-8. H. E. Lawless, 2553 Collis av., Huntington, W. Va., and C. C. Perry, Bardwell, Ky.
309TH AMMUN. TRN.—Annual reunion encampment, Shakamak State Park, 35 miles south of Brazil and Terre Haute, Ind., Sun., Sept. 5. Rations and quarters free to visiting comrades. H. E. Stearley, 403 N. Meridian st., Brazil, Ind.
314TH AMMUN. TRN.—Annual reunion, Fremont, Nebr., Aug. 8. Ray L. Spath, secy., Scribner, Nebr.
BASE HOSP. No. 65—Annual reunion, King Cotton Hotel, Greensboro, N. C., Sept. 6. Roy C. Millikan, Box 1208, Greensboro.
50TH AERO SQDRN.—Annual reunion, Wheeling, W. Va., Sept. 4-7. J. Howard Hill, Hotel Portage, Akron, Ohio.
210TH AERO SQDRN.—3d annual reunion, Champaign, Ill., Aug. 14-15. H. S. Lewis, 107 E. White st., Champaign.
258TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion officers and men. Darrell S. Jones, 403 Trust bldg., Newark, Ohio.
75TH CO., 6TH MARINES—Reunion, William Penn Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., July 14-17. C. L. Kelly, Patton, Pa.
82d Co., 6TH REGT., MARINE CORPS Assoc.—Reunion with 2d Div., Pittsburgh, Pa., July 15-17. Hq. at William Penn Hotel. D. N. Harding, 119 Appleton st., Cambridge, Mass., will send copy *The 82d Co. News* to men who write to him.
83d Co., 6TH MARINES—Reunion, Wm. Penn Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., July 15-17, at time 2d Div. reunion. Write to B. Steve Schwelke, 1252 Bellevue av., Los Angeles, Calif., for copy *The Noble Following*.
3n U. S. CAV. VETS. Assoc.—Annual reunion, Fort Hayes Hotel, Columbus, Ohio, Aug. 21-23, during U. S. W. V. natl. encampment. Jake Wolf, Q. M. & treas., 833 Shriver av., Cumberland, Md.
Co. 5 FIRST A. S. M. REGT. Assoc.—3d annual reunion, Indianapolis, Ind., July 25. S. H. Shaw, 205 S. 4th st., Louisville, Ky.
MED. DEPT., POST HOSP., COLUMBUS BARRACKS, OHIO—Proposed reunion. Clyde G. Rush, 5130 Dorchester av., Chicago, Ill.
AMB. Co. 35 VETS. Assoc.—6th annual reunion, Hotel Castleton, New Castle, Pa., Sun., Sept. 5. Harry E. Black, 140 E. Winter av., New Castle.
U. S. S. Covington—19th reunion banquet, Ritz Plaza Hotel, Boston, Mass., July 1. Louis S. LaVena, 503a Washington st., Dorchester, Mass.
VETS of A. E. F. SIBERIA—Reunion with Calif. Legion Dept. Convention, Stockton, Aug. 8. Claude P. Deal, 2035 N. Highland av., Hollywood, Calif.

JOHN J. NOLL
The Company Clerk

THE AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

WHEN PURCHASING PRODUCTS PLEASE MENTION THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

THE CUNEO PRESS, INC., U. S. A.

"Keyed to concert pitch for hours on end"

but after I RELAX...
I stick to MILD whisky"

How grand to *relax*! If a drink steps up your enjoyment, make it MILD whisky... Cobbs Creek. No bite or harshness to ruffle the smoothness of its ripe, rich flavor. Try it.

Continental Distilling Corp.
Phila., Pa.



75% Grain
Neutral Spirits

Cobbs Creek
90 Proof BLENDED WHISKY

LIKE YOUR CIGARETTE

it's Mild

PERMANENT FILE

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

*— refreshing mildness
— better taste
all the way*



Chesterfield
Wins